

TWENTY PAGES.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK CITY.—THE DAY-NURSERY OF GRACE PARISH, ONE OF THE PROPOSED BENEFICIARIES OF THE "FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER" DOLL CHARITY.—A MOTHER'S MORNING GOOD-BYE TO HER BABE.—DRAWN BY MISS G. A. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 245.]

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

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W. J. ARKELL.

RUSSELL B. HARRISON.

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Our next amateur and professional photographic contests. See particulars on page 257.

The following entries have been made in our Photographic contests for the week ending October 27th:

Willis Van Valkenburgh, 35 Wall Street, New York City; W. B. Hull, Wallingford, Conn.; M. S. Turner, 333 Harvard Street, Cambridge, Mass.; B. A. Slade, Wabasha, Minn.; Harry Contant, 159 West 83d Street, New York City; Adolph Stahl, 91 East 3d Street, New York City; B. Ellerton, Petrolia, Ont.; L. A. Greene, Little Falls, N. Y.; H. S. Clements, Jr., Preparatory School, New Brunswick, N. J.; G. J. Gessner, Homestead, Pa.; J. Pollard, Tilsenburgh, Ont.; H. C. Williams, Jr., 292 Dean Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.; F. D. Goddard, 292 Dean Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Spencer Judd, Sewanee, Tenn.; F. R. James, 130 East Buffalo Street, Ithaca, N. Y.; Herbert L. Smith, 708 University Avenue, Syracuse, N. Y.; J. H. Chalker, United States Steamer *Seward*, Mobile, Ala.; Robert D. Sower, Haddonfield, N. J.; Jos. W. Hall, 2614 Hickory Street, St. Louis, Mo.; R. S. Jaffray, 194 Carroll Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE creation of a new language at this late period in our civilization would seem to be impossible, and yet Volapük, the new "world language," has already attained remarkable and wide-spread popularity in all civilized countries. Much is heard regarding it, but few understand what this unique system of written communication means to accomplish. Mr. Charles E. Sprague, who has been foremost in favoring the movement in the United States, will contribute an interesting article to the next number of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER on the subject of "What is Volapük?"

OUR ALASKA EXPEDITION.

WE shall commence in the next issue of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER the publication of the story of the exploration of the Alseck River region, in Alaska, by one section of the expedition sent out by us last summer. This narrative is from the pen of Mr. E. J. Glave, widely known as a traveler, who, with one companion, made one of the most remarkable journeys of recent years. Facing unknown dangers, he penetrated this unknown region and descended the Alseck River to the Pacific Ocean. The story of his discoveries will form a valuable contribution to our knowledge of Alaska. The narrative will occupy, altogether, some ten or twelve pages of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, and will appear with copious illustrations in consecutive numbers.

A SOUTHERN WOMAN ON THE NEGRO QUESTION.

THE time has come in the ethnographical rotation of the Western hemisphere, opposite to that in the history of Church and State in England, which Dickens so briefly and significantly disposes of in his "Child's History of England": "and the Pope said, since the King and the people seemed to be having so very much trouble deciding who should own those estates—that he would take them himself!"

Wise old Pope! Diplomatic, Jesuitic old M. P.'s! Their prodigal posterity bear testimony, at this late day, to their administrative ability.

Since "deportation" and the South seem to be having so very much trouble in deciding who shall have the negro, Uncle Sam generously proposes to "take 'em himself"; and, as a legitimate means to such philanthropic end, has concocted the Federal Elections bill! "Expediency" is the one incubating vampire of the nineteenth century, which, centipede, hydra-headed, dies hard. Its philosophy will trust to men and men-made laws; will lean upon those wind-shaken reeds, as if they were pillars adamant, ignoring eclectic principles, forgetting precedent, holding up pathetically—if ridiculously—two fingers on each hand and counting them over and over, to make the sum total five! What is "law" but a chronicle of mistakes? Each sitting of Congress, each session of the Legislature brings but added chaos to confusion; but further complications of a heterogeneous bundle of absurdities, all ending in "an act to amend an act." Yet men go on law-making, bill-passing, as busily, as complacently, as hopelessly as they did a hundred years ago. They will not trust God to manage his world; they are so busy improving upon his methods, so confident of making the sum total 2 + 2 = 5, that they do not see that they are ridiculous.

Plato may write his "Republic"; Lord Bacon may demonstrate his deductive method of reasoning; Buckle may turn the calcium light of truth unvarying upon his "Law of Necessity"; Darwin may simplify species, prove evolution; Huxley expound the iron laws of heredity, and Herbert Spencer ring all the sweet changes of concord and harmony, through first principles, biology, psychology, sociology, and morality—the world takes expediency! It is like a child which never knows it is lost until it has gone as far as its fancy leads it, and met a bugaboo!

When Uncle Sam concluded he would take up permanent residence in America he said to the red men, "go"—and they went. When he took a fancy for black slaves he went over to Africa and bought them; when he found they did not pay in the North, he freed them. Then, turning his yearning, indolent eyes to the Orient, he saw a decaying empire crowded with a people slaves in all but name; he thought he would like Chinese labor, and imported it. He found that they, too, did not assimilate—did not love him nor his customs. They took his money, availed themselves of the privileges of his democratic legislation, but imported their goods and vices, and exported their savings

and dead. They encroached. Uncle Sam said "go"—and they went. Now, some few decades previously, when Uncle Sam had grown tired of the negro, he forgot or neglected to say "go." The negro stayed. He waxed strong and grew; he became just large enough to be a bone of contention, to be picked by the two fighting brothers while cooling off between rounds. They have been picking him ever since. They have forgotten that he is alive; never so much as "by your leave" say they. Now, if the negro is such a very insignificant factor, socially and politically, why legislate about him at all? Or, if his destiny be of the vast importance that the agitators claim, why not let him stand up and speak and act for himself? Redemption, like inspiration, is inside the man, not outside. Each human soul, white, red, yellow, or black, is accountable individually to its Creator. The race problem is an ethical one, which the world insists upon solving on physical premises. No man-made law can infringe on God-made prerogative! Let the Republican Administration carry by numbers the Federal Elections bill, and attempt the enforcement of its implied conditions, if it wants war! Not a "war of races," or even anything so dignified as a national combat on principles; but a petty, unmilitary, sectional strife, whose needless, cruel loss of life, and demoralization of our boasted "law and order," would stigmatize us before the civilized world as barbarians; a strife in which the offensive but unoffending negro seems liable to play the succeeding roles of hostage, bribe, and sacrifice.

When slavery was abolished the negro should have been deported, colonized, or re-patriated. Any of these, as a mere "measure," has been nullified by delay. Adulterous infiltration is as binding, morally, as legitimate. It ties our hands. The original slave was a savage of the lowest type—the "wild man" of the western coasts of Africa. Civilization is a slow process; its effects are measured by centuries, not generations. The Afro-American process has been exceptional, almost supernatural. Being brought into contact with an infinitely superior race, and being naturally non-antagonistic, he has advanced with a rapidity beyond the range of his normal capacities. Add to this rare advantage of environment the constant infusion of the superior blood, and his gigantic strides in a half-century are not so astonishing. This condition is ephemeral, however, as are all conditions imposed upon fictitious bases. Deported, or absolutely ostracized in our midst, his lapse back into barbarity—prescribed, of course, by the elimination-defying force of infiltration—would be commensurate with his rise. As for the political disposition of the negro, it is the *dernier ressort* of a rapacious Administration, whose death-struggle is the Federal Elections bill. Ethically, the question is a serious one; one at whose broaching, North or South, morality, duty, responsibility, stand forth and ask, "Have we no place here?"

Unquestionably, if the negro stays here, the *ultimate* will be amalgamation! A consummation devoutly to be dreaded? Assuredly! and, strange as it may seem, as dreadful to the black as to the white man. This "blood that is thicker than water" is a great readjuster; a "bar" at the passage between race and race, which makes ingress or egress a step to be considered before undertaken. Such ultimates seem to be the purpose of the God of Nations. The children of Israel went down into Egypt moved by Divine will, to infuse the pure blood of Jacob into that darker stream of Potiphar, the Priest of On. Through countless ages of descending and extending infiltration have flowed commingled these two originally antagonistic streams, until to-day stand we, the Anglo-Saxon race, their—*ultimate*. What individual feels to-day the netting ebb of those dark drops of "bondsmen?"

Only when the white mind grows infinite, asserts its "breath of God," soaring on the wings of prescience, past all the ports of self, out fearlessly into the broad sea of generalities, may it grapple successfully with this grave problem.

"Expediency" scoffs at amalgamation as an end entirely too remote for sufferance. So did the exclusive Jews regard a possible infusion into the Egyptian race; yet the mottled descendants of Shem, Ham, and Japheth were the demanded conditions of their return to the land of promise. So regarded the arrogant English, French, and Spanish colonists of the New World an assimilation with the naked, painted savage; yet to-day the numerically incalculable descendants of the beautiful Pocahontas speak proudly of their "Indian blood," be their claim to such distinction nothing more convincing than a high cheekbone or a battered silver drinking-cup from Georgia. Not even into the Charybdis of elimination may we escape this Scylla of amalgamation. We have ourselves been damming up that passage these five and twenty years. Has Expediency ever thought that the sight of a genuine, full-blood African child, even in our most Afro-American localities, is as rare as that of a black lamb in a sheep-fold. It is so. To be sure, the old English statute relegating a child to its mother's nationality obtains in all its pristine emphasis. These poor little mongrels are "niggers"; their mother may be a blue-eyed octoroon and their father her Saxon-haired master, but the offspring is a "nigger." "Not all the perfume of Arabia can sweeten that little hand." The odor is there, the kink of hair, or flat nose, or sensual, full lips. Astonishing! But nature is hard to circumvent. She holds her own; she defends species to the death. When she does yield she does it so gradually, so delicately, that no individual generation, nay, "even to the third and fourth," may feel the stigma. We Southerners are told "this is our weak point"—this sensitiveness about "negro blood"—"creole cousin-germanhood!" Not at all. We know what "amalgamation" means, and that when its returning cycles touch upon these shores there will be no "North" no "South," no "we" no "you." Personally, generationally, the fear of negro blood haunts us no more tangibly than that of buffalo blood. Indeed, *personally* the question is a tender one; it touches self, that keynote to emotion, declaration. We remember our negro nurses and playmates; we love our old mammys, our soft-voiced, gray-haired, humble "aunties" and "uncles." We would not have them deported—eliminated. It were like having a pet deer shot because he had grown horns and asserted himself. Individually we love the negro. What servant so swift of foot, so light of hand, so frank of tongue, so docile, so affectionate, so instinctively a slave—yet so quick of sympathy, so inviting of esteem and confidence, whose very largess protects it against presumption, misconception? Racially,

politically, socially, we hate the negro! Abhorrent the thought of being "compelled by law" to recognize as equals a race of proven intrinsic inferiority. "The hand of Douglas is his own."

Let the negro alone, that is all. Submit him to the influence of example, of church, school, domestic refinement, civilization. And this "letting alone" must be no one-sided arrangement. While, on one hand, the South abstains conscientiously from placing any obstruction, tangible or disguised, in the way of their self-redemption, let the North as conscientiously refrain from its cannibalistic tendency to use them for its own political aggrandizement. If there be aught within him that is not slave it will assert itself. He is instinctively and decidedly an imitative animal and credulous. He did not know there was degradation in acknowledging a master until he was told so. There is no "conflict" in the South; the discontents all come North, seduced by fictitious "brotherhood," retained by petty political considerations and rash empiricism. He is protected by law, provided with schools and adequate field for his self-advancement. Compulsory education copes only with *incurable* ignorance. Slavery tided him over that stage of his advancement. The negro is his own best emissary—missionary. In his heart he is as exclusive as we are. Let the few who have been softened by the infusion of white blood and special educational environment soak up the light of progress and redemption, and carry it to their more benighted brethren. No white man, least of all a Northern man, can feel for them as they feel for themselves. Slavery was born of selfishness, and born in New England. In New England it died of selfishness. It did not pay. In the South it *did* pay, and lived longer. Emancipation came as a *war* measure. Suffrage was granted as a political lever. It has failed to "raise" as much as was hung upon it.

"Government for the whites. Protection for the blacks." That is right and mete. The very ground upon which the negro walks, the air he breathes, are "grants"—concessions.

This land is white-man's land. Nature, climate, precedent, possession, proclaim it. Far be it from any disciple of Christ, of Socrates, of Washington, or Thomas Jefferson, to defend slavery or justify extermination. Far be it from the thought of any Southerner, acquainted with the errors and evils of slave-ownership, to turn for a moment regretful to the flesh-pots of Dixie.

God keepeth his own. We nineteenth century "reformers" are anticipators of time, retarders of progress, intruders upon Omnipotence. The negro is a fact, a solid, broad, substantial fact, though not a very stubborn one. Let us look him squarely, frankly, kindly in the face—he will recognize and bow to the master—and say, "Our land is broad. Freedom of thought and action is our motto, 'liberty' our watchword, personal rights our boast. Since you are here, and at our invitation, you are welcome. Prosper, if prosperity be in you. 'Our castle is yours—but we are the host!'"

Bellevue Hunt.

THEY WANT HIGHER PRICES.

EVERY free-trade newspaper in the land, the moment the McKinley bill was passed, declared that it must cause a general rise of prices. It would be surprising if, under the impulse of this oft-repeated declaration, store-keepers did not avail themselves of the opportunity to mark up their goods. It was their chance to raise prices, and some have accepted it. The Tariff bill was intended primarily to give American manufacturers and American workmen a home market, to upbuild new industries, and sustain existing industrial establishments.

In anticipation of the passage of the McKinley bill, it is said that nearly a year's supply of goods was imported by many manufacturers. It is obvious that an immediate advance in the prices of these goods could not have been occasioned. On the contrary, the over-supply will tend to reduce prices, and perhaps that is one reason why shop-keepers are so persistent in urging their customers to buy at once.

The natural results of the McKinley bill will be manifest only after the lapse of time. If it had absolutely forbidden importations without a moment's notice, an immediate rise in prices would have been inevitable; but the warehouses are glutted with them, the shops are loaded down with them, and the only things that promise to have a quick rise are in the line of agricultural products.

Free-traders prepared the way for the general advance they would like to see by predicting and insisting that this would be the natural result of the McKinley bill. Everything that tended to strengthen this prediction has been greedily seized upon and printed, until shop-keepers are almost driven to the conclusion that they must ask more for their goods.

The fact remains that thus far the McKinley bill has added very little, if anything, to the cost of the necessities of life. It promises largely to reduce the cost of sugar, and of many other articles required in our domestic economy. A fair and proper judgment of its ultimate results can only be given after the bill has had a trial. Mr. McKinley himself makes the following statement, and we have not seen it controverted by any free-trade speaker or newspaper:

"The new Tariff bill gives freer trade than any tariff legislation that has been put upon our statute-books in more than a century. During the first thirty years of our history nearly every article was made dutiable. In 1824 less than six per cent. of our imports was free; in 1833 only fifteen per cent. of our imported goods was free; in 1842 only twenty-seven per cent. was free; in 1846, the great revenue tariff year, only twelve per cent.; in 1857 only eighteen per cent.; from 1873 down to 1883, thirty per cent. only was free; and in 1889, thirty-nine per cent. was free. This bill makes about one-half of them absolutely free."

ABOLISHING SUB-TREASURIES.

IN a speech delivered in the United States Senate on the 4th of July last, the Hon. Charles B. Farwell, Senator from Illinois, strongly advised the abolition of the sub-treasuries, and argued that if the money now on deposit in them were placed in national banks it would add largely to the volume of currency for business purposes, and that the security would be better than is embraced in the limited bond given by sub-treasuries.

Senator Farwell further declared that the money could be handled without cost to the Government by the national banks in which it was deposited, and an annual saving of several hundred thousand dollars per annum would thus be made.

Not long since, in a published interview, Senator Farwell emphasized his attitude regarding this matter, and in answer to an inquiry addressed him by the editor of this paper, he gave the following succinct statement of his reasons for advocating the change:

"The system of sub-treasuries was born of Andrew Jackson's hate of banks, as the history of his time will show. There is not a business man in the country who looks up his money in his own safe; but this is exactly what the Government does. If all business men practiced this, all banks would, of necessity, go out of existence, and we would go back in our civilization several hundred years; besides, it is an expensive method of handling the people's money. It is only a few days ago that Congress passed a bill relieving the sub-treasury of San Francisco of a large sum of money. If the public money was deposited the same as every business man deposits his, bills like the above would never be heard of, nor would the Government be subjected to the expense of half a million of dollars, more or less, in conducting these useless sub-treasuries. All the money of the Government would be all the time in the channels of business, the Government would have desirable security for it, and the spectacle of Mr. Windom going into Wall Street and giving up his locked-up funds to prevent a panic would never be seen again. The Government should not collect from the people any more money than it absolutely needs for its daily wants. The best place for the people's money is in their own pockets."

There are arguments for as well as against Senator Farwell's proposition. National banks seem to have incurred the opposition of the granger organizations, and anything which is intended for the benefit of the former is looked upon with suspicion. Of course this is not an argument against Senator Farwell's proposition, but it is stated as one of the reasons which no doubt impel opposition to the change on the part of Congress.

OUR TEXAS EDITIONS.

It is a pleasure to know that the Texas editions recently issued by this paper, covering a complete description of the leading points of interest in the State, have met the heartiest approval of our readers, and especially of those in the South and throughout Texas. We have received many complimentary letters in reference to them, and have already been advised that our exposition of the State's attractions has led to investments of capital and turned considerable immigration to the most attractive portions of the Lone Star State.

We believe that within the near future the growth of Texas will have a wonderful impetus directly as the result of the "Mayflower's" trip through that State. The unlimited resources and wonderful attractions of Texas have never before been so ably, carefully, and systematically laid before the people of the North and West. We take the liberty of printing one from among the numerous letters of congratulation we have received. It comes from a Texan of distinction, a gentleman who now ably occupies the very responsible place of Secretary of the World's Columbian Commission. He writes as follows:

MESSERS. ARKELL AND HARRISON: GENTLEMEN—Accept my thanks for copies of the splendid edition of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, in which the progress and advancement of the State of Texas are so admirably delineated. I cannot but feel gratified that you have chosen my native State as the subject for several special editions of your valuable paper, which is read not only throughout the United States, but in many foreign countries. I have been absent from Texas for the past fourteen months, and you can imagine with what genuine pleasure I have perused this Texas edition of FRANK LESLIE'S, and seen so much therein that was familiar to me so accurately and handsomely portrayed. You know that Texas people are very proud of their State, and having traveled considerably in other States, I know of no people who have a better right to have such a large quantity of State pride. The copy of your paper now before me is a fair illustration of the grandeur and glory of the Lone Star State, its countless resources and its wonderful capabilities.

While I may be absent from Texas for a few years in connection with the World's Columbian Exposition, yet I think so much of my native State, where my people have lived for over fifty years, that I would not give up my Texas citizenship for any consideration, and expect always to make Austin, Tex., my permanent home; for I regard the capital city of Texas, nestling amidst the cedar-crowned hills of the Colorado, as the most beautiful spot on this earth.

As my esteemed friend, Congressman Crain, aptly says: "The people of this country have heretofore had an erroneous idea of our State. Capital which otherwise would have long since found its way to Texas has been deterred by an entirely wrong impression as to the condition of our people, their moral standing, and commercial honesty. Such a publication as yours, while it is very ably prepared does but simple justice, and cannot but be of incalculable advantage in directing the attention of capitalists to the almost unlimited advantages to be found in the State of Texas. Already the tide of investment is turning toward Texas, and its future outlook is the brightest of any State in the Union."

That most desirable of all classes of citizens—the farmer—has begun to realize that in this great State he can obtain a return for his labor such as no other country in the world can offer. In the wake of the farmer the manufacturer is bound to follow. The mineral wealth of Texas, as yet comparatively untouched, cannot fail to bring an enormous amount of capital to the State.

For the share your valued publication will have in achieving these results, as a citizen of Texas I thank you.

Faithfully yours, JOHN T. DICKINSON.

A few newspapers in remote parts of the State, which were not visited by the LESLIE party, have endeavored to find fault with our Texas editions, but are evidently under the mistaken impression that this paper was a competitor with them for their home advertising. The great, successful, broad-gauge newspapers of the State highly commend our Texas editions, and anticipate the best results from the "Mayflower's" visit.

COTTON AND LINEN.

A NEW YORK importer tries to answer our inquiry addressed to those who advocate free wool on the theory that it would aid our woolen-mills. We asked, "Will any one tell us why, with cotton an absolutely free raw material, we are compelled to import annually nearly \$10,000,000 worth of manufactured cotton products from France?" Our correspondent says that these imported French cotton goods are not made here "because the American mill will not cater to the trade in such volume as the market will consume." Very likely, but if the increased duty on French goods stimulates the American fabricator, as it probably will, to make the finest grades of goods, he will be able in due time to meet all demands.

The immediate effect of the McKinley bill will be to direct attention to the need of factories for the fabrication of fine French cotton and woolen goods. Indeed, the New York daily papers have recently stated that the French firm of Barras & Co. is looking about in this country for a site upon which to erect a mill at the cost of two million dollars, in which fine woolen goods of French styles are to be made. Mr. Barras is quoted in the interview as saying: "We see no reason why we cannot sell a better quality of flannel goods in the future for a price at which American manufacturers now sell a distinctly inferior article."

This is a complete answer to those who criticize the McKinley bill. Its first result is the erection of new manufacturing enterprises for the production of goods which, under the provisions of the former tariff, could not be made in competition with the cheaper product of foreign lands. Can any one question that the erection of these new mills will give employment to a large number of workmen, all of them consumers of our farm and other domestic products?

Protection is intended to stimulate, encourage, develop, and maintain American industries. In every department of manufacturing it has accomplished such results. The first cotton goods made in the United States were the coarsest, commonest kinds, in which the percentage of labor was smallest, for the simple reason that in the finer fabrics labor enters so largely that it was impossible to compete with French and German manufacturers who had the vast advantage of cheap labor. Our correspondent appends to his reply, incidentally, his objection to the increased duty on linens. He asks, "Who is benefited?" and says, "We cannot manufacture linen in this country." The best answer to this is the statement that ground for the erection of a large new linen-mill has just been broken at Minneapolis by a company with half a million dollars capital, and with a Belfast linen manufacturer as its managing director. This Belfast man says that American farmers, if the linen industry is protected, can grow the finest flax.

An equally good authority, a representative of the well-known thread manufacturing firm of George A. Clark & Co., declares that it was impossible to manufacture linen in this country on a paying basis under the old tariff, but that the additional protection granted by the McKinley bill will enable American farmers to raise flax, and American manufacturers to utilize the product very advantageously. Furthermore, a large firm in Boston, which made over 500,000 yards of crash towel and linen damask a year, but abandoned the business because the trade was unprofitable, now announces that it will continue to manufacture linen goods because of the additional and sufficient protection afforded by the McKinley bill.

Still further, comes the news that one of the largest importers of linen goods, and one of the leading opponents of the McKinley bill, who has heretofore manufactured abroad, has decided to remove his linen plant to this country. Capitalists in Dakota have formed the American Fibre Association, and since the passage of the McKinley bill half a dozen mills for scutching flax have been projected on the American side of the Canada border.

Every industry established in the United States under the beneficent influences of protection has had to meet precisely the same sort of opposition that is now manifested to the production of linen. In every instance, protection has won a triumph. It is a reflection on the American people to charge them with being unable to do as good work as any other nation. We have an abundance of raw materials and intelligent labor. Give them the protection and the opportunity, and they will meet any demands upon their resources.

LABOR AND CAPITAL.

THE fact that the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers invited a railroad president to address them at their annual convention recently held in Pittsburg was proof of the close and friendly relations existing between this labor organization and the managers of the railways of the United States. The choice of the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew as the leading orator of the occasion signified, moreover, the highest estimation of his life and character on the part of his subordinates.

Mr. Depew, in his eloquent address, certainly rose, as he always does, to the demands of the occasion. While he gave hearty endorsement to the organization of labor for purposes of self-protection and advancement, he plainly expressed his conviction that "no labor organization can permanently succeed whose sole and only object is to increase wages and diminish hours." He held that, as in business, despite combinations and trusts, only legitimate enterprises survived under the operations of hostile legislation and the laws of the trade, so also it must be in the labor field. Mr. Depew predicted the failure of every ambitious attempt to form gigantic labor or other trusts.

"Labor," added Mr. Depew, in one of the best sentences of his scintillating address, "must be as intelligent as capital upon its own grounds. The committee which calls upon the employer or the railroad officer must know its own business as well as he does; otherwise, from angry contentions, because of ignorance, comes the exercise of brute force, and violence fails to secure that which, in nine cases out of ten, could have been had by intelligent presentation."

No more eloquent tribute to the industry and merits of the locomotive engineer was ever paid than that embodied in Mr. Depew's address, and we are bound to say that it was coupled with some of the best advice that it was possible to tender, all of which was accepted heartily and happily.

THE UNEXPECTED HAPPENS.

IT is a little surprising to find a newspaper of the experience and standing of the Chicago *Herald* declaring that "unless the unforeseen shall happen, Grover Cleveland will certainly be the Democratic leader in the next national campaign."

There is a great deal of sentiment surrounding the popularity of Mr. Cleveland, and the South appears to incline toward him clearly by reason of this fact. The practical politicians of the North and South, and particularly of the State of New York, know how little sentimental considerations have to do with the proceedings of National conventions, and they are all turning their eyes to New York as the pivotal State. It will be more "pivotal" (if we may be allowed the expression) in 1892 than ever before.

No practical politician doubts that Governor Hill is in absolute control of the political machine in the State of New York. If, as seems beyond doubt, he shall control the New York delegation in '92, what possible chance will there be for the nomination of any other New Yorker?

By the way, Governor Hill, in the last two years, has been doing considerable outside work. His visits to New Jersey, Indiana, Connecticut, Ohio, and West Virginia, and his pernicious activity as an undisguised partisan in all of them, are significant. If he is the candidate of New York at the next National Demo-

cratic Convention, he will not be without hearty support from all these and several other States, including some of the Southern commonwealths, who do not like Mr. Cleveland for some of the friends he has made, and who have taken a recent fancy to Governor Hill, apparently because of the enemies he has aroused.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

THE cause of municipal reform has been strengthened by the recent conviction of Mayor Pat Gleason, of Long Island City, for committing an outrageous and unprovoked assault upon a newspaper reporter. A great many people wonder how it was possible for an ignorant and brutal man like Mr. Gleason to become Mayor of a thriving municipality. He is but a representative of the type that too often succeeds in securing the most important municipal offices. There is a demand throughout the country for municipal reform that the Legislature of this and other States will speedily be obliged to meet.

THE announcement by the United States Express Company that it will decline to carry any lottery business, should be followed by a similar announcement from the other large express companies. It is safe to predict, in view of the almost unanimous passage of the Anti-Lottery bill by Congress, that if the express companies undertake to do business which the Post-office Department is forbidden to transact, an active and successful effort will be made to bring the express business under the stringent operations of the Interstate Commerce law. In that event, the wisdom of the announcement made by the United States Express Company will be at once appreciated.

THE Chinese Consul at San Francisco, Colonel Bée, makes the surprising statement that there is no such thing as "Chinese cheap labor." He says Chinamen on the Pacific coast get \$1.25 a day for working in vineyards and hop-yards; that Chinese for house servants cannot be had for less than \$25 to \$45 per month, and that they get better wages than white servants because they are more proficient and learn more rapidly. Moreover, they cannot carry family secrets out of the house, and make them the common property of the neighborhood. Colonel Bée adds that our restrictive legislation has resulted in a material falling off of our export trade with China during the last few years, and that the English Government is taking advantage of these restrictions, so as to extend its commercial relations. All of this may lead to interesting, if not profitable reflection.

A RECENT issue of the New York *Herald* has a Washington item reporting that Senator Stewart, of Nevada, stood aghast when he was compelled to pay, after the passage of the McKinley bill, thirty cents for an imported cigar for which he had formerly paid twenty-five cents. The free-trade *Herald* cites this as an argument against the McKinley bill. In another column it reports that the cigar-makers employed by firms making the finest brand of Havana cigars in this city have had their demands for increased wages acceded to, owing to the increase of orders in anticipation of the operation of the McKinley bill. We are inclined to believe that the people will be entirely satisfied if the McKinley bill taxes men who are able to pay twenty-five cents for an imported cigar, and at the same time raises the wages of men who are working for a living by the day. That was the purpose of the bill to a certain extent.

THE hotel-keepers of the State of New York, who so strenuously objected to the passage by the Legislature of a bill compelling them to provide ropes for fire-escapes in all their apartments, must have been taught a lesson by the results of the disastrous Leland Hotel fire at Syracuse. The loss of life by this calamity would have been ten times greater had not the proprietors of the Leland been compelled by legislative enactment to provide ropes for the escape of imperiled guests. A large number of lives were saved by the use of these convenient appliances; but in some instances the ropes were burned and the guests were hurled to the ground and injured as they were seeking to escape the flames. This leads to the suggestion that the law be amended so as to compel hotels to substitute chains, or other incombustible material for rope fire-escapes in each room. The Legislature should heed the warning of the Syracuse fire and perfect the fire-escape statute, and meanwhile the law as it stands should be everywhere enforced.

COMMENTING on a recent paragraph in this paper in favor of State supervision of electric light, electric street-car, and other similar corporations, ex-Assemblyman G. O. Mead, of Walton, N. Y., writes to us as follows:

"Referring to your issue of October 11th, on page 165 I find a timely suggestion in reference to a Board of Electrical Commissioners. When in the Legislature, session of 1889, I had the honor to introduce a bill for that purpose. The bill was introduced February 18th, I think No. 651; read twice, and referred to the General Laws Committee; reported from said committee for the consideration of the House, and committed to the Committee of the Whole, and when printed to be recommended to the Committee on General Laws, and was reported favorably by that committee; but, as you say, some influence, corporate or private, was brought to bear, and it seemed impossible to advance the bill any further at that session. I am heartily in favor of such a measure, and believe, as you state, it would be of more benefit than some of the bureaus already established. Each year proves the necessity of such a commission. I hope at some—no distant—day to again urge this measure, and if no 'ceiling investigation' shall crowd out all such important matters, to be able to see the bill passed, and the commission actively at work. The bill I introduced was pronounced by all, even its enemies, to be a good one."

It is hoped that during the coming session of the Legislature a bill similar to that prepared by Mr. Mead may be passed. Governor Hill would do well to call the attention of the Legislature to the need of State supervision of all electrical contrivances that endanger public life. The number of deaths caused by accidental contact with electric wires has called public attention to the need of such supervision, and there is a wide-spread public opinion in favor of the immediate passage of a law that shall look to the safety of the public and prevent corporate invasion of private rights.

MISS THOMPSON.

MISS MATTIE THOMPSON, whose portrait is given herewith, is a Blue-Grass born beauty, with a peculiarly charming grace of wit and manner, which wins for her admiring friends on every hand, and makes her the idol of society. She is the only daughter of ex-Congressman Phil Thompson, familiarly known as "Little Phil," and the grand-daughter of P. B. Thompson, who is regarded as the first criminal lawyer in Kentucky. Her school-days were spent at the convents of Nazareth, Ky., and Georgetown, D. C. She has thoroughly enjoyed two seasons of Washington life, and won a host of admirers, both there and at Saratoga, and other Eastern watering-places.

Miss Thompson was selected Queen of Beauty at the recent fall celebration of the Satellites of Mercury, held at Louisville, but chose rather to be one of the maids of honor, who are selected from among the prettiest girls of the different towns throughout the State.

SENATOR STANFORD AT HOME.

WE give on this page a picture illustrative of the reception of United States Senator Leland Stanford on his recent return to Sacramento from a brief tour abroad. On his arrival at Sacramento Mr. Stanford was welcomed by a vast concourse of the people, and was escorted by a torch-light procession to the Republican headquarters, where he found a great multitude of his friends of both political parties. As he appeared upon the flag-embowered platform he was received with tumultuous applause, and



TYPES OF BLUE-GRASS BEAUTY.—III. MISS MATTIE THOMPSON.

the scene during his brief address was one long to be remembered. He manifested great emotion at the cordial character of his reception, and in his address referred to his observations abroad, and commented upon the great contrast in the condition of the working classes of this country and of Europe. Referring to the legislation of the recent session of Congress, he said that it had been in the interest of the people, and that the Republican party had faithfully lived up to its pledges, as made in the last National canvass.

Before reaching Sacramento Senator Stanford was the recipient of cordial popular welcomes at Stockton, Auburn, Colfax, and other points. At Auburn the first man to grasp his hand was the partner who had mined with him in 1853, and who delights to tell even now of the day when he and Leland Stanford dined on their frugal fare in their mining tent in 1854. At Auburn he said, in reply to an address of welcome: "We have traveled a great deal in the last four months, and the result of our travels is to satisfy us that there is no country so blessed as these United States; and of our whole country, I think the choicest part is California. At any rate it is my home, and holds the dearest place in my heart. I like to believe that the destiny of our State is a great one, and I think that at the present time we are on the eve of an era of unexampled prosperity."

There can be no question at all of the great popularity of the Senator, not only in Sacramento, but in California at large; and it is safe to assume that, with a Republican Legislature, he will be re-elected to the position which he now holds.



CALIFORNIA.—RECEPTION OF HON. LELAND STANFORD AT SACRAMENTO ON HIS RETURN FROM A EUROPEAN TOUR—SCENE IN FRONT OF THE REPUBLICAN HEADQUARTERS.

A future nominee who during the meeting knew how to work the boys.



"The gallery's greeting to General Sickles and Colonel, Fellows."



Types seen on the march to the speaker's stand.



Some of the braves who did not go home immediately.

WEST CLINEDINST
1890

AUTUMN.

THE crimson ivy veins the stone
Of chapel walls, and, sere and brown,
The leaves along the path are strewn,
Or through the still air flicker down.

The sky is dim and dreamful soft,
The hills are gray with veiling haze,
The scant brook murmurs through the croft,
And seems to sing of other days.

Good-bye, sweet summer! and good-bye,
My own sad spray and vanished rose.
I care not now how soon ye lie
Beneath the soft, forgetful snows.

JAMES BUCKHAM.

A SISTER OF LABOR.

BY F. M. NEWTON.



LET no man call himself happy till he dies." I, as a house-keeper, had begun to think that fortune had greatly favored me, not only with a pleasant home, but with servants who were certainly exceptional in ability, good temper, and gratitude. I had, it is true, taken an interest in their well-being—tried to make their cozy rooms comfortably fit for human occupancy, and not mere places of deposit for unsightly household drift: still, I thought

they appreciated what I had done. I was thinking on these things one morning with complacency, as one of my servants had been assuring me that she thought herself most fortunate to be in such a home, wishing her mother and sisters in the old country could be as well off, and saying she was saving her money to bring them to this goodly land. I had also pleasant remembrance of a woman—once a servant, but now the wife of a poor mechanic—poor in all senses. They were tenement-house dwellers, and I had helped to make their lot lighter.

About lunch-time there appeared in my kitchen (as I afterwards learned), a short, stout person, gorgeously dressed in raiment of bias plaid of immense size and most brilliant coloring; if there exists anything extreme in the most extravagant fashion of dress-making, it was all there. An airy black straw hat (not as large as a raft) overgrown with most rapacious vines, surmounted her head, fitly accompanying her dress and a quantity of very self-asserting jewelry. A broad badge on which was displayed a flaming tiger-lily on some discordant ground marked her as a woman with a mission. It could hardly be believed that the wearer of this bewildering attire was my tenement-house protégé.

My servants received her with looks and exclamations of amazement.

"Why, Biddy Doyle—who'd have thought of seeing you, this time of day! Are you out of work?"

"Indade, an' Oi duzn't wark no more."

"Oh, the Queen's sent you a fortune, has she?"

To this impertinent query she simply replied, with dignity:

"Oi duzn't wark. Oi'm a Sister o' Labor, an' a visitin' diligate: sorra a shroke o' wark hev Oi been doin' sence Choosday woz a fortnight."

"So you're a Sister of Labor, because you don't work! Well, that's funny. Come and have a cup of tea, and tell us all about it."

"Oi will, thin," said Biddy, "for Oi'm thet dhry wid talkin' the morn; an' ef the tay's sthrong, it'll be afther doin' me good—an' so'll a bit o' mate;" and combining refreshment and business, she proceeded to explain.

"Will, thin, Barney, me husband, come home wan night, an' he'd hed jist the last taste o' the craythur—jist enough to mek him chareful an' wise-like; an' sez he, 'Biddy,' sez he, 'O'Ve bin a fule.' An' ye hev, sez Oi (for ye must always put down a mon, whin ye kin); 'but phwat med ye think o' it jist now?' Sez he, 'It's to a labor maytin' O'Ve bin, an' ye should hev h'ard the illigance o' the shpayker. Sure, he towld us thet Amirkey's the land o' libherty, an' we come here to be free, an' not to be shlaves to ony boss, an' thet we woz warkin' ourselves to the bone; an' then sez he, 'Me frinds, phwat has Amirkey done for yez? Jist nothin' at al'. But phwat hev yez done for Amirkey? Ivery thin'. And where would Amirkey be to-day, if it wozn't for yez? Who woz it, as bault her railroads? Yez did. Misther Vonderbul wud hev hed to whustle for his money ef yez hadn't come oover an' med his railroads for 'im. Yez hev done more for the thrade o' the country then eny wan ilse. Yez hev fur-nished the perlice—the finest in the wur-ld—an' yez has given 'em plinty to do. Yez hev kipt the iligant shaloons an' the iligant whusky, an' hilped fill the jails an' warkhouses (because it wud be a wasthe o' money to be afther buildin' 'em, an' hev no wan to put intil 'em), an' yez hev hilped the lazy Amirkins to vote, an' whin they didn't want to be bothered goin' to the polls, yez didn't moind votin' two an' three toimes a day. An' thin, the daughters o' Oirelan—yer woives an' sisters—may the saints bless thayre purty faces! See phwat they've doon far thrade! Does yez know eny other weemin that in wan wake kin make a new set o' dishes look like cirklar saws, or kin tek a nip out o' a sarcer or a handle frim a cup so nate? Thet's good far the crock'ry thrade. Who ilse kin be chokin' up a poipe so aisy, an' havin' the wather rin, an' hilpin' thay ploomers? An' thin the aisy way they kin wind up the cloze in the whales o' the wringer! It's the thrade as is help, whin payple hev to buy the new cloze. Who ilse kin use a bar'l of shugar in wan wake, wid a fam'ly o' three, an' hilp the groshers? Who ilse kin bur-run a ton o' coal ivry wake in a shmall range, far the binitil o' the moiners from the owld country? It's to Oirelan they owes iv'ry thin'. Wozn't thayre Chrishtopher Columbush an Oirish-mon?"

"An' we sed he woz."

"Thin," sez he, "me frinds, phwat's yer juty? It's jist niver to wark whin yez kin hilp it, an' niver to let enywan ilse wark ef yez kin hilp it."

"So sez Barney to me, 'An' it's from the owld kings o' Oirelan' Oi'm discinted—an' they niver did a shroke o' wark, barrin' knockin' the hids o' thim as w'uld't be givin' 'im oll they wanted—an' thit woz play. It's no more wark Oi'll be doin', for the Kwoights hez med me a 'shpyin' diligate,' an' divil a bit'll Oi do but kape an' oye on they arishloerats, an' prevint 'em fram mekin' poor down-throdden payple do eny wan thin' they duzn't want to."

"An' how'll ye live, Barney?" sez Oi.

"Oh, fa'ht," sez he, "oll the poor 'll kape givin' money, an' puttin' intil the threasury to pay us far makin' the thrubble far thay bosses."

"So now, Barney drisses quito foine, an' wears the iligant great breshpin an' the chain; boy-and-boy, whin he's med thrubble enough, he's hopin' they'll giv' 'im a watch as a tisthimonial. Thin he kin be afther gittin' the dhrink thet aisy, for when he shrips intil a shaloon and looks aroun' the dayler's afear'd he'll do 'im some harrum, an' he shmoiles an' sez, 'The top o' the mornin' to ye, Misther Doyle, ye must be dhry; phwat'll yer honor be takin'?"

"Thin sez Oi, 'Barney, Oi wan't wark ayther. There's plinty o' down-throdden weemin a-sarvin' in the arishloerats' houses, an' it's but little thet they shuld git warrum'd, an' fid, an' loighted, an' hev only to boy thayre cloze. It's a shame, intirely, thet they doan't be havin' thayre cloze guven 'em, too; an' ef the min has thayre labor maytin's, the weemin'll be afther hev'in' 'em too."

"So, now, that's the Sisters o' Labor, jist loike the min. We gits paid, an' Barney sez it's but little it made costh us to ate, far we kin always happin' to be afther doin' our juty at people's houses aboot dinner an' shupper toime. Oll the officers an' the visitin' diligates does be w'arin' these iligant ribbins. Whin we was a wunderin' phwat wez shuld put on 'em, up shpoke me son Pat—he's bin to public school (bad 'cess to it)—an' he's thet smart, an' sez he, 'Oi remembers somethin' woz rid in school aboot the lilies, and it sed, 'They toil not, nayther do they shlip.' So wez put thet unther this purty lily."

All this time Biddy sipped tea as she talked, and poured out cup after cup, with apparent unconsciousness. At the fifth she paused and asked, "An' phwat koin'd o' tay do yez be callin' this?"

"Oh, that's English breakfast tea; jist the same as the mistress herself drinks."

Down went the cup in disgust.

"Is it thet mane-sperited ye bez, Maggie Rooney, to be afther dhrinkin' English tay, whin the English hez bin thrampin' on yez far ginitations? It'll be me juty to report to the committhe; an' ye'll warrun yer mistress thet she'll be gittin' ye Golong tay, ar ye'll shroike. An' whoy shuld noice gurruls loike yez be imposed upon, whin yez kin be Sisters o' Labor, an' hev yer roights an' be proticted? Yez'll aich gev me fifty cents, an' it's done."

Biddy talked long of the advantages and the terrors of the Labor Sisters' Association, and finally the cook and the laundress succumbed, either to her continuity of speech or to her arguments, and sold themselves into bondage for fifty cents apiece. The waitress, however, stood firm, and not only refused her money, but scornfully told them they were a pack of fools, and ungrateful fools at that; thereby rendering herself obnoxious to the whole sisterhood.

The next day the cook came to me and asked me, in rather a shamefaced way, if I would not furnish some other tea for the kitchen—a request which seemed absurd, since the tea I provided had always been drunk with approval and thankfulness. I reflected, however, that the cook was invaluable to me, and as I would not lose her for such a trifle, I bought the tea.

In a few days the visitin' delegate called again in the discharge of her "juty," and ate the lunch of the person whose domestic affairs she was trying to throw into confusion; and it being Monday, she was able to do her "juty" by the laundress.

"An' phwat star-reh is thet ye be usin'?"

"I don't know the name; but we never has anything but the best."

"Shitiffum's the star-reh for ye. Shitiffum's a kwoight, an' Misthriss Shitiffum does be wan o' the Sisters o' Labor, an' we doan't lit any star-reh be used but Shitiffum's, an' ye may jist tell the mistress ye'll not use onythin' ilse. An' is it be hand ye be washin', an' shpilpin' yer purty hands wid an owld washboard? Fa'ht, ivry Christian sowl these days has a washin'-machine, an' ye jist throws the cloze intil it oot o' the bashkit, an' thin a pail o' wather an' a cake o' so-ap; an' ye kin sit ye down dhriss'd in yer best (loike the liddy in the advartishmen'), an' ye only turns a handle whist ye rades the iligant doime novil, ar sees a frind, ar teks a foine rist. It's the dirthy payple they're bein' to hev thet menny napkins in the wash, an' ye must jist tell 'em yer wullin' far 'em to hev a reasonable number, but ye'll not wash thet menny; an' ye'll war-run 'em they'll not be afther sindin' ye down sich hapes o' cloze ivry wake, an' ye'll be sthricht wid the masher—min wary ye so—the linen must be thet smooth thet a floy'd be shlidin' down it."

After an abundant lunch she rested her arms on the table and gave the kitchen a critical survey.

"Be ye likin' the color o' this kitchen, Maggie Rooney? Shure, it wud mek me ill intirely to be lookin' at it ivry day. 'Dade, O'Ve known the gur-rl that'd be afther lavin' at wanst."

The leaven was working. The neat, fresh-looking kitchen, that had before been so attractive to her, began to lose its charm for Maggie.

"Do yez be hev'in' the hot an' cowl'd wather in yer shlapin'-rooms?"

They had to confess that they had not, and that it was breaking their backs to carry the water up one flight of stairs and fill their pretty ewers.

"Will, thin, thay're thet har-rd-hearted Oi'd not belave. Tell 'em ye'll not shtay widout the wather, and the Tur-rkey towls an' scinted so-ap."

I was soon surprised by the laundress, as I had been by the cook, to find that what had always before been satisfactory to her was no longer so, as in no very respectful tones she demanded a

change of starch. The starch suited me, and I told her so. Then she said she'd leave it she could not have proper things to work with. She was a good laundress, and a second time I yielded; but, not being behind the scenes, I wondered what spirit was springing up in my once dutiful maidens.

As a result of all this tutelage and suggestion my ears were filled with complaining requests, but I tried to make the household wheels run smooth by some of the oil of concession. One day the visiting delegate chanced to see the waitress with a broom.

"An' do ye be usin' a broom an' tirin' yer arms? Phwere's yer car-rpet-schwaper? Ye jist walks round the room an' whales the bit thin' back'ards an' for'ards, an' maybe looks out the windy at the butcher b'y, an' seein' phwat duz be goin' an, an' ye schwapin' oll the toime an' niver fadin' it. Shure, the mis-thriss duzn't be afther mekin' yer wark aisy, an' ef ye knowed phwat woz good far ye ye'd be jiuin' the Sisthess o' Labor, an' lavin' the mane payple."

Thereupon the waitress, who was loyal to me, gave the "sisther" what is called "a piece of her mind"—probably a large piece—and the interchanges of sentiment became so fervid and violent that the delegate declared she'd "mek it warse for her." And then the waitress, who had before considered all the talk as only kitchen gossip, not to be retailed up-stairs, told me the whole story.

I had refrained from troubling my husband with my little household worries; besides, he had just ended a strike among his workmen by concessions on his part to unjust demands. As he put it at the time: "Anything for peace," a sentiment to which I internally demurred, not believing, as many do, with Erasmus, that "Peace on any terms is better than the justest war."

The laundress becoming unendurable, I was obliged to tell her that, her month being up in a day or two, I should then dispense with her presence; that she might wash her own clothing before she left, but that mine must be done also. She was, apparently, very diligent, and the evening of her departure brought up an attractive basket of laundry work. At least so it appeared on the surface, but after she was gone it proved to be a thin veneer of ironing on the top, and the basket filled underneath with wet clothes. Probably at a meeting of the sisterhood, with flutings and plaitings and fine laundered apparel, she told with effect how she had been "even" with me. I supplied her place by one who proved to be also a "sister."

I had made concessions until apparently I was no longer to rule my house. Then I told my husband, and he whistled and said:

"Why, Susan Bailey! Have you been such an idiot as to let those creatures dictate to you? Why on earth didn't you tell them to go? There are plenty more to be had—more fish in the sea than ever were caught." Just like a man.

Said I: "I was only doing what you did when you had the strike in the factory. You gave up for peace and called the men back."

"Oh," said he, "that's different."

The climax was reached one day when the delegate appeared, and ordained, in the name of the sisterhood, that the servants should all leave their work on Monday and go on a grand labor picnic—an iligant inthertainment—to be paid for from the funds in the treasury. (I fear the mothers and sisters in Ireland had to wait a while for their translation to America.)

On their applying to me I told them that though I wanted to give them every reasonable pleasure, I could not then consent to have all my household arrangements disturbed. Then they said they'd strike and leave. I told them to leave, and they left, leaving everything in confusion; but I felt for the first time in weeks that I was mistress of my own house.

The next day I was told that some one wished to see me, and descending, found in the parlor, seated in the easiest chair and in the most luxurious attitude, a person, tall and large-boned, whose attire was of the same order as that of the visiting delegate, and I shrewdly suspected had been sent by her. I simply stood and asked if she wished to see me.

"An' I duz, mum. I unthershand ye've hed the thrubble with the leddies in yer kitchen."

I replied that I had "never had any ladies in my kitchen."

"Shure, this bez a lond o' libherty an' equaldithy, an' wez oll leddies here. Oi'm a Sister o' Labor"—and then, more impressively—"Oi'm an arbitrator; but I fides far ye loike a cuzen, an' Oi wants to help ye. Oi knows ye duz be thrubbed an' short-handed, an' Oi'll injuce the leddies to cum back if ye'll jist do some bit thin' to plaze 'em. Yer but a young housh-kaper, an' Oi knows how to fide far ye. Jist guv me a thrife, an' Oi'll mek it oll right."

I told her it was all right now, that I did not wish them back, and I would take pleasure in bidding her good-morning.

Then she rose in her wrath and said:

"Thin ye'll git no wan ilse, an' ye'll foind yer house tied up, an' we'll be afther seein' how ye'll loike bayin' boycotted," and majestically disappeared.

Then the boycotting commenced; and how in my heart I thanked my mother for believing that daughters should be taught household work, and be prepared for emergencies, and thanked my good waitress, too, for remaining with me.

For days I tried to get servants, but the "shpyin' diligates" had looked to that, and succeeded in warning off and against me any whom I engaged—even employing threats. Sometimes they would walk up and down before the house, or stand on the opposite walk, and gaze over intently until the curiosity of the neighborhood was aroused. I would think my arrangements all made, and that I was about to be emancipated from drudgery by the coming of new servants; but no matter how fair the promises, they came to nothing.

"This is not to be borne any longer," said my husband. "I shall put the affair into the hands of an honest detective whom I know, and we shall find out what's the matter. Most likely the sisterhood know." And so it proved. The instigators being well terrified by a vigorous setting forth of all the law promises to those who interfere with or prevent "natural selection" in the matter of employment, things resumed their former satisfactory course. The sisterhood spent all their money on their iligant picnic and collapsed. The "striking" sisters out of work begged

in vain to be taken back, and Biddy Doyle, her shabby finery much the worse for wear, came whining as before for help, and was referred to the "discontent o' the owl kings o' Oireland."

My husband was delighted with the result.

"That was just the thing to do. Don't permit any outsider to meddle with your household affairs. When they interfere and combine to hinder your work have them arrested for conspiracy, and let the law finish."

I said: "I think so, too; but why didn't you do that about the strike in your factory when the walking delegates made themselves so busy?"

"Oh," said he again; "that's different!"

Is it?

THE VON MOLTKE ANNIVERSARY.

THE occasion of the ninetieth anniversary of the birth of Count von Moltke was marked all over Germany by exceptional honors. The distinguished soldier, under the command of the Emperor, spent anniversary week in Berlin, and was throughout the object of universal homage. All the flags of the garrison of Berlin were borne to his residence by a regiment of guards; all the marshals, captains, commanders, and other generals, the War Minister and the Emperor himself, accompanied by deputations representing Russia, Austria, and other nations, called in person to congratulate him.

A field-marshal's baton, wrought in gold in the style of old Cologne, was presented to him by that city, and he received gifts of various kinds, including money enough for the purchase of the house in which he was born. The Czar, the King of Sweden, the Sultan, Prince Bismarck, and the Prince of Wales telegraphed their congratulations. Nearly twenty thousand persons took part in the torch-light procession which initiated the celebration, all classes being represented therein. The participants were artistically grouped by prominent painters and sculptors. In reply to an address of congratulation, Count von Moltke said that the foundation of the Empire, which had made Germany great, was the work of the mighty Emperor William I. If a share in this result was attributed to him (the Field-Marshal), the people should not forget also the faithful companions and the brave men who had sealed their loyalty to the fatherland with their death. Subsequently a banquet was given at Potsdam in honor of the veteran, the King of Saxony, the Emperor and Empress, ministers, and many generals participating.

In the city of New York, the celebration by our German citizens at the Metropolitan Opera House was one of the notable events of the season. A feature of the occasion was the decoration of a bust of Count Von Moltke with laurel wreaths. Addresses were made by Chauncey M. Depew and other representative men.

IN FASHION'S GLASS.

A REFLECTION OF TABLE-WARE AND JEWELRY.

[Any of our lady subscribers who are desirous of making purchases in New York through the mails, or any subscribers who intend visiting the city, will be cheerfully directed by the editor of the Fashion Department to the most desirable establishments, where their wants can be satisfactorily supplied, or she will make purchases for them when their wishes are clearly specified.]

ABOUT the first thing which impresses one after an inspection of the stock of sterling silverware in the shops of to-day, is the improvement in design over that of two or three years ago. Just now the fancy turns upon the French styles of the eighteenth century, in the time of the Louis's, while formerly the designers copied old English shapes, which were inclined to be more massive than graceful. The most elegant table dishes and cake trays—the latter being generally boat-shaped—are of highly polished silver, and the engraved decorations are Louis XV. festoonings and bow knots, very graceful and dainty. Others, again, have a border of several inches of pierced work—a new form of decoration, which is all done with a fine hand-saw. Sometimes there will be a combination of heavy chasing and pierced work which is extremely elegant.

A pretty decoration for the table is a fern dish of silver pierced work, in which a metal pan is placed, and filled with moss and growing ferns. These may be frequently replenished at the florist's.

Candelabra for the table are very much lower than formerly, which is a change certainly for the better, and one loudly applauded by society ladies. The old style of standards brought the lights above the heads of the guests just high enough to be trying on the eyes—and complexions—while in the present style of candelabra the lights are parallel with the eyes, and are softened by delicately tinted shades. Compotes and dessert-plates are gold-washed, and, to all appearances, the solid article, and the most elegant have a border of chasing and pierced work in foliated and *repoussé* patterns. Individual bread and butter plates are accompanied by butter-spreaders in fanciful designs.

It is not too early for the wise and far-seeing to begin to cast about for suitable holiday gifts, and womankind cannot wait this year over a dearth of appropriate trinkets for their gentlemen friends. There is in silver every requisite accessory to an office or library desk. Combination ink-stands, with compartments for pens and stamps; bankers' shears, letter clips, and combination

blotters, with compartments for pens and stamps. A very recent novelty is a moist cup, consisting of a silver tray to hold water, and a revolving roller of ground glass on which to moisten the fingers when counting money. There are innumerable fancies in stamp boxes and cases. Of the former, one is a renaissance pattern in incrustated and burnished silver, very ornamental, and in the latter the heraldic designs are particularly handsome. An acceptable gift for a physician is a clinical thermometer in a silver case.

There are many pretty devices in court-plaster cases, a novelty in this line being of seal leather, silver mounted, and containing at one side a tiny scissors. Among the silver coins arranged to hold the chosen one's miniature, is a New England shilling, dated 1652; and others represent coins of all nations.

Silver *boutonnieres* holders are made to fit easily and closely in the lapel of a dress-coat, and contain just enough water to keep



LOUIS XV. CANDELABRUM.

the flowers fresh during an evening.

The new styles of jewelry for gentlemen are extremely simple, while those for the fair sex are proportionately elaborate. Dainty and fanciful are the designs in brooches. They are nearly all round or heart-shaped, the knife-blade variety having almost entirely passed from favor. A pretty conceit is the wheel of Ixion in gold, set with diamonds, and a wing of pearl attached to the hub. Another is a bunch of grapes made of whole pearls in varied tints, suspended from a branch of gold with leaves of diamonds. All brooches are designed to wear as pendants as well, and it is a prevailing fancy to attach them to a black velvet necklet.

Until very recently, the black and white enameled jewelry for mourning and half mourning, was heavily and clumsily made, but the present designs are as rich and delicate as one could desire, and scattered through the scroll patterns are diamonds and pearls.

The latest wedding ring for the ultra-fashionable, has a diamond set in the golden circle in gypsy fashion. ELLA STARR. For information contained in this article, thanks are due to Theodore B. Starr.

THE GRACE CHURCH DAY NURSERY.

NOT every passer-by is aware that the beautiful building with the ecclesiastical looking white marble front, on Fourth Avenue, at the rear of Grace Church, is the home of one of the model *crèches*, or day-nursery charities, of New York City. The work was put in charge of Miss Wiltse, some twelve years ago, and the structure it now occupies was the gift of the Hon. Levi P. Morton, the present Vice-President of the United States.

The day nursery takes care of children under ten years of age whose mothers are working-women. A nominal charge of five cents per day is made. The child is taken from seven o'clock in the morning until seven in the evening, washed and provided with a clean apron, fed, instructed if old enough for the school-room, and then turned loose in a pleasant play-room for the rest of the day, until its mother, returning from work, comes to fetch it home. About eighty children, on an average, are thus provided for daily by the Grace Church nursery. The present matron is Miss Wheeler, and there are five nurses.

On the ground floor of the building on Fourth Avenue are the reception-rooms, executive departments, and kitchen. Up one flight of stairs and we are among the babes and sucklings, who occupy a score of cradles in one room and half a dozen mattresses on the floor in another. They are very peaceable and contented-looking mites; some of them are pronounced "cute" and pretty by feminine experts. Next come the "tots"—children of three or four years, just big enough to run about and to eat at table. This table of theirs is very droll, not more than two feet high, covered with a white, marble-veined oil-cloth, and surrounded by tiny red chairs. Three times a day the tots assemble around this Liliputian board, and while awaiting the meal remain perfectly quiet, with their hands clasped in a kind of childish "grace before meat." It is a picture to engage Bouguereau's pencil, or Jules Breton's. There is also a school-room and a pretty chapel, where services are held every morning at nine. About twenty of the older children are trained to sing in Grace Chapel, and twice a week, during Lent, they take part in the services in the great church on Broadway. When the girls go out they wear a very picturesque little Normandy cap and a black cape faced with red.

In the cheerful, noisy play-room on the third floor, which looks out upon the avenue and down East Eleventh Street, there is a toy house big enough for a dog-kennel. It is filled mostly with blocks—and such blocks! They are one of the sights of the establishment. Constant usage has rounded off every vestige of angle and corner, until they resemble old cakes of soap, or bits of driftwood on the seashore, worn smooth and shapeless by the action of the waves. Children who can get such an amount of fun out of battered old relics like these deserve to profit by the doll show which FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is getting up for Christmas—and it is meant that they shall.

The day-nursery youngsters are mostly of foreign parentage. There are chubby, blonde Germans, Irish children of assorted complexions, little Italians with midnight eyes, a pretty English Beatrice, and an infant Hebrew, among the lot. Some interesting types, sketched by Miss Davis, are reproduced on page 239.

PERSONAL.

THE largest farm under cultivation in Iowa contains 6,200 acres, and is owned by Mr. H. C. Wheeler, of Sac County.

SENATOR WADE HAMPTON recently announced that he proposed to vote for Farmer Tillman for Governor of South Carolina but in doing so he eulogized Haskell, the bolting candidate, and declined to take part in the canvass against him.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY has received another gift of \$200,000 from Mr. Henry W. Sage, which is in addition to his previous gift of \$60,000 for the establishment of a Department of Philosophy. Mr. Sage's gifts to the university now aggregate more than a million dollars.

THE banquet which is to be given to Allen G. Thurman on the 13th inst., in honor of his seventy-seventh birthday, promises to be an occasion of universal interest in political circles. Ex-President Cleveland, Senators Carlisle, Voorhees, and Daniel, with many other prominent Democrats, will participate in the affair.

A PROJECT is on foot looking to the erection in this city of a memorial to the late Mrs. Booth, "Mother of the Salvation Army," in the shape of a large hall, adapted for councils, interstate gatherings, and special demonstrations, as well as the ordinary services of the army corps. The public in general is to be asked to assist in the project.

MR. CARL SCHURZ has returned to his wallow. In a recent speech in Boston he put himself squarely abreast of the most ultra-Democratic policy, and indulged in wholesale denunciations of the Republicans and their measures of legislation. Mr. Schurz went out of the Republican party from pure personal malice, and he does not seem yet to have entirely wreaked his revenge upon those who refused to take him at his own valuation.

THE widow of General Custer, who has achieved some notable triumphs in literature, is suffering from ill-health, and has been obliged to abandon the lecture course which had been mapped out for her. She will spend two or three months in Nova Scotia, and it is hoped by the many admirers who esteem her alike for her personal worth and the courage she has displayed under adverse fortune, that she may speedily and fully recover.

GOVERNOR CAMPBELL, of Ohio, won his fight with the boodle Board of Public Works in Cincinnati, the Legislature having passed the law suggested by him, providing for a non-partisan board. This board will be appointed by the Republican Mayor of the city, and will serve until April next, when their successors will be elected by the people. This is a great victory for the Governor, as he was desperately opposed by the Cincinnati gang and other Democrats in the Legislature. He had the solid support of the Republicans.

THE monument to the late President Arthur, which is to be erected in this city, will consist of a bronze figure of the ex-President, of heroic size, and two accessory female figures, all to be mounted on granite pedestals. The statue represents Mr. Arthur in a dignified attitude, as if addressing his Cabinet, and is said by his intimate friends to be strikingly characteristic both in facial expression and in the pose. Its cost will be \$25,000, and it will be erected from the remainder of the fund collected for the memorial to the ex-President which was executed last year in Albany.

MR. GLADSTONE'S Midlothian tour has been marked by the same demonstrations of hearty enthusiasm as in former years, and he has addressed immense public assemblages without any apparent decline of vigor, either mental or physical. His tour was, perhaps, made the more enjoyable by the fact that just at its commencement the Liberals achieved a very decided victory in the Parliamentary election in the Eccles division of Lancashire, where they defeated the Tory candidate by a majority of over two hundred, making a gain over their vote in the last election of nearly a thousand. Eccles is a manufacturing district lying immediately outside the suburbs of Manchester.

MISS HELEN DAUVRAY, the actress, whose excursion into matrimony two or three years ago does not seem to have been a fortunate one, has also been overtaken by bad luck in her last dramatic venture. She has invested, it is said, \$15,000 or \$16,000 in the play known as "The Whirlwind," and had unbounded faith that it would succeed. The public did not place the same high estimate upon it, and she has sustained a very serious loss from its production. This is the third failure of her theatrical ventures since her return from Europe. It is fortunate, however, that her purse is sufficiently well-filled to make it a matter of little consequence as to whether she achieves success or failure upon the boards.

SOME of the millionaires of this city are especially domestic in their tastes. Thus, Mr. Jay Gould is said to be never so happy as at his own fireside in the enjoyment of the companionship of his family and his books. When he resided some years ago on the New Jersey coast, it was quite common to see him playing with his children in the sand on the beach. Cyrus W. Field, always a home-lover, is said to be just now giving his attention to the raising of chickens on his farm at Ardsley, which interests him quite as much as the project of the Atlantic cable did twenty-five years ago. He has several acres of his farm planted with sunflowers, which are used as feed for his poultry. Russell Sage is also fond of home life. He is known as an early riser, and is said never to have failed to take a morning drive, except during illness, for a period of thirty years past.

MR. CHARLES HOWARD SHINN, an old and favorite contributor to FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, has resided for some years on the Pacific Slope, where he has made a name for himself as one of the most industrious and successful of literary workers. He has recently taken editorial charge of the *Wasp*, a satirical journal published in San Francisco, and he has also been offered an inspectorship of the University Experiment Stations. Should he accept this latter position he will be enabled to devote part of his time to travel, while not neglecting his literary employments. Much of Mr. Shinn's literary work is performed under delightful surroundings, his home being an old farmstead at Niles, Alameda County, where under the orange-trees and magnolias he plies the busy pen which brings him fame and cash.



AFTER-DINNER COFFEE-POT—PERSIAN DESIGN.

COAL AND THE GREAT COAL FIELDS.

JUST at this season of the year the subject of coal is one which strikes the interest of the average householder with a degree of force more or less governed by the extent of his finances. Beyond the fact that he knows his coal supply comes from Pennsylvania—and comes high—the actual knowledge of the ordinary citizen does not extend. He has vague ideas regarding the process of mining; has read of the vast wealth of the great coal barons and of the poverty of the men who toil underground year in and year out, and is generally imbued with the idea, taking into consideration the wages paid to the miners, that coal is inexpensively obtained by the owners of the mines.

The writer has just made a trip through the great Lehigh, Schuylkill, and Luzerne coal regions, from which come the very best of our coals. These famous coal fields, situated as they are in the heart of the mountains, are picturesque in the extreme, and are traversed from one end to the other by railroads. Four great trunk lines, the Lehigh Valley, Pennsylvania, New Jersey Central, and Philadelphia and Reading, have all built branch roads in order to reach the valuable traffic contained in this territory. The first-named road has branches running into all the different collieries and mining towns, and in addition operates and owns vast tracts of coal lands.

All throughout the coal regions land is valued at enormous figures. At Pottsville, Mahanoy City, Delano, and Hazleton, the chief towns in the Schuylkill coal fields, it is impossible to obtain an ordinary building lot, 25 to 50 by 100 feet, short of \$2,000 to \$2,500, while at the colliery towns—that is, towns owned and built at the mines by the operators—\$15,000 would not purchase such a lot. At Delano the Lehigh Valley Railroad owns 600 acres for which it paid \$2,000,000, and not all of this contains coal. These coal towns are built chiefly of wood, and in themselves are far from being picturesque, the architecture of their buildings being of the simplest kind. Further along, however, when Wilkesbarre and Scranton, in the Luzerne region, are reached, the reverse is the case. Here are large blocks of tastefully built business structures and elegantly situated private residences, all in harmony with the wonderfully beautiful natural surroundings.

When a colliery is first started the operators build a small town adjacent to it, consisting of rows of small frame houses, each of which is capable of sheltering ten persons. These houses in most cases are neatly painted, and present a substantial appearance. They are rented to the miners at \$10 per month. No liquor is allowed to be sold in any of these colliery towns. That, however, does not prevent the men from indulging their appetites in this direction, as they need only walk or ride to some outside town, as they do, where it may be obtained in too great abundance. The fact is that liquor is the thing that does more than anything else to keep the miner in a state of poverty. The writer's train, after leaving Hazleton, had to be stopped three times to prevent running over a like number of parties of intoxicated miners, who, having just been paid off, had walked across the mountains to Freeland, a distance of three miles, and succeeded in getting gloriously filled with alcohol. These men had to be lifted off the track before the train could proceed. This town of Freeland is situated on the top of the mountain just out of the coal belt, and is kept prosperous from the sale of liquor; one block alone containing forty-eight saloons. In the daytime the town presents a quiet, orderly appearance, but after nightfall it is said to be a second Leadville.

Up to within a few years past, all coal mining has been done underground, but within the last decade a large amount of surface mining has been done. The underground mining is done by sinking a vertical shaft and then tunneling along the veins and mining out the coal. The writer, with a party of visitors, descended the Prospect Shaft belonging to the Lehigh Valley Coal Company. The main shaft descends vertically to the depth of 600 feet. It is entered by means of two stout elevators, or lifts, which drop into space and darkness with a rapidity that makes one feel as though the sub-basement of his stomach were doing its level best to free itself from the other part of his anatomy. In less time than it takes to think, the lift (or, perhaps, one should say the "drop") reaches the bottom. Here the visitors found a superabundance of darkness, the superintendent of the mine, two

we had reached the end of the tunnel we were in we had not only been underground, but under water as well. After our three-quarters of a mile tramp, we reached the head of a slope or incline running 1,000 feet further down, at the bottom of which the mining was being done. Here the miners, 150 in number, were working into the face of the vein with powder and pick, busily loading cars of coal, which when filled were hauled up the slope by a wire cable attached to a stationary engine at the mouth, and were then drawn by curious little mine locomotives along the tunnel we had come to the foot of the shaft, where they were lifted up into daylight and taken to the breaker to be crushed for market.

The breaker is a huge wooden structure at the mouth of the shaft. The coal in large blocks, as it comes from the mine, is dumped into it, and is crushed or chopped into the smaller chunks we see when we come to buy and use it. As it is crushed it slides down iron runways, or chutes, through a screen the apertures of which are graduated, so that the small sizes go in one direction and the large in another, and are in turn separated by similar screens until they reach the bottom of the breaker assorted into the different commercial sizes: pea, stove, chestnut, egg, and furnace. There is, of course, a great quantity of slate, which is mined and brought up with the coal. The coal lies in the veins (which run from 10 to 100 feet in thickness) in layers, in most cases slate separating the layers. One layer, too, in the vein may be better than another. It is impossible in the mine to separate the slate from the coal, or to select the prime quality from that which is inferior, as it is all blasted out together. When it is going through the breaker, however, the slate is picked out. This is done by boys, who sit astride of each iron runway, and with practiced eye and nimble fingers pick out the slate and other refuse as the coal slides by them.

In the Schuylkill and Hazleton regions the majority of miners are Irishmen and Hungarians, the latter predominating, and they are paid from 90 cents to \$1.20 a day. In the Luzerne mines the Irish and Welsh predominate, the latter making the best miners. The writer got into conversation with one miner while in the Prospect Shaft, who said he had been in the mines for eighteen years, and that he liked that kind of work. On being asked whether so much underground work did not tend to shorten the men's lives, he replied that he didn't think it was the work so much as it was the habits the men led out of the mines. He had never used liquor or tobacco, and felt as strong and healthy as at any time in his life. The men were most all hard drinkers, and that fact alone was sufficient to break down their constitutions. This seemed to be the general story wherever we went.

In the Prospect Shaft, and in the other mines of the Lehigh Valley Company, the men go to work at seven in the morning and quit at four. It is the general impression that all the men in the mines are paid so much by the day. This is not so, however. The mule-drivers, outside helpers, and shaft-tenders are so paid, but the men who mine the coal are paid, in the Prospect Shaft (and this is practically the case in all the other mines), \$1.05 for each car of coal. Each man has a helper whom he employs and pays himself, and in addition furnishes his own tools and powder. He is able, on the average, to mine and load five cars a day, each car containing two tons.

The average temperature in the mine at a depth of 600 feet is sixty-two degrees. At greater depths it is much hotter. Fresh air is being continually pumped into the shaft, being generated by a large fan, shaped and looking very much like an enormous paddle-wheel. The capacity of the average mine is 250 five-ton cars a day. These cars, made up into long trains started for tide-water, look like long black snakes gliding and winding down the mountains.

Next to the Welsh the Irish constitute the best miners, the Hungarians being but a shade better than the brute. They live in filth, and are addicted to all the vices of lower civilization. They do not seem to have any of the better traits of human beings, each individual Hun thinking and living for himself, and the lower and filthier the method of living the better he thrives. Not long ago four Huns, while walking along the railroad near Delano, were run into by a train; one of them was run over and his arm cut off. His companions who escaped walked off, not so much as looking back at him, taking it for granted that he was dead. Shortly after, reviving somewhat from the accident, the man arose, and walking to the place where his arm lay, picked it up, examined it, and with a grunt of disgust said, "No good," and threw it into the bushes, proceeding on toward the town. This is an actual occurrence, and pretty fully illustrates the Hun's nature. These people live fifty and sixty in one house, and in several cases as many as five hundred are quartered in one shanty only large enough for one-tenth that number. They work for little or no money, and thus kill off the better class of miners.

The whole mining country shows evidences of former disasters in the shape of deep holes in the ground along the railroad tracks, where mines have caved in. One of these immense holes between Delano and Hazleton has had 15,300 tons of dirt and stone thrown into it, and yet the bottom seems to be no nearer the surface, while at Ebervale can be seen the traces of the great disaster there in which so many lives were lost. The town is deserted and the mines flooded. Here \$55,000 was spent in building a canal to draw off the water from the mines. At Summit Hill smoke issues out of the earth in hundreds of places, showing that the mine is still burning, as it has been for thirty-two years.

The towns of Hazleton, Mahanoy City, and Drifton are all undermined, thousands of tons of coal being taken from under the streets and dwellings daily. Every now and then some resident of these places wakes up in the morning to find his house toppled over and the bottom knocked completely out of his real estate investment.

W. J. Merrill

"FRANK LESLIE'S CHRISTMAS NUMBER."

THE Christmas number of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER will possess exceptional attractions, both artistic and

literary. Its pages will be embellished by the works of our best artists, while the poetry, stories, etc., from the pens of favorite writers, are richly flavored with the spirit of the Christmas time. This Christmas issue will have a handsome cover in colors, exquisitely arranged and laid on. A large edition will be printed in order to meet the demands of the public.

BEAU BRUMMEL AND WARD McALLISTER.

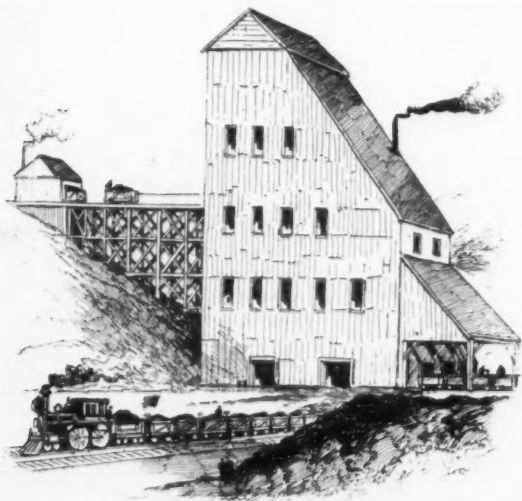
SINCE the production of "Beau Brummel" at the Madison Square Theatre, and the presentation by Richard Mansfield of his idea of the character and peculiarities of this dandy of the early part of the nineteenth century, it has become quite common for people to speak of Beau Brummel and Ward McAllister in connection one with the other, and to assume that Ward McAllister is Beau Brummel's current American prototype. No assumption could be further from the truth than this. Ward McAllister resembles in no way the Beau Brummel of history, and suggests in no fashion whatever the Beau Brummel of the stage, which Mr. Richard Mansfield is making known to crowded houses, and which will soon be familiar to the theatre-going population of the entire country.

It would serve no good purpose now to attempt any estimate of Beau Brummel's character apart from the one formed by the author of "Beau Brummel," and so brilliantly enforced by Mr. Mansfield. It may be remarked that the author of the play has obviously built up his theatrical figure from the suggestions furnished by Bulwer Lytton in his story of "Pelham." One chapter in that brilliant book of Lytton's youth is given over to an interview between Pelham and Beau Brummel disguised under the name of Russellton, and during the interview Russellton gives a very exhaustive and ingenious analysis of his own character. In a foot-note Lytton declares that only the first outline is taken from real life, and that all the rest—all indeed which makes the character thus briefly delineated—is drawn solely from imagination. However this may be, Beau Brummel of the play is Lytton's Beau Brummel of the novel, and as it is this character that New York society people and New York people generally are discussing and comparing with Ward McAllister, it is not necessary to go back of the situation, but simply to take it as it stands, for the purpose of examining the estimate of Ward McAllister indicated.

It may be seen at once that the modern New-Yorker and the old-time Englishman are both men of fashion, but all points of resemblance there cease. Beau Brummel's celebrated speeches with reference to the Prince of Wales were not impulsive ebullitions of wit or sarcasm, but were the deliberate utterances of a man who thought it politic to take the view of life and act on it which those independent utterances indicated. Brummel declares himself that he found that the tendency of people of small fortune and obscure position in society was to truckle to rank and fawn on wealth. He decided to take an entirely different course, and to command other people's consideration by entertaining and expressing a contempt for other people. He trampled on them as he would on flowers which give forth a more pungent fragrance simply because of the trampling. Imbued with this thought, he took a superior air with people who were his equals, and talked on terms of equality with his superiors up to the very edge of the throne, and, indeed, on to the throne itself. The author of "Beau Brummel" suggests this spirit admirably when he has his hero borrow five hundred pounds from the London merchant, with the remark that he will do the London merchant the honor of allowing him to loan the money.

This is all as different from Ward McAllister as night is from day. McAllister has no independence, and he pretends to none. From his peculiar position McAllister has unquestionably made the millionaires, from a social point of view, who are figuring in the forefront of New York society to-day, but he stands in awe of the men and women whom he has created, and exercises more tact and diplomacy in his dealings with them than would have made his fortune a dozen times over as a politician. If he only united to his powers of diplomacy some little discretion and some little control over his speech, his social progress would be marked with much fewer accidents and embarrassments than is the case at present. Beau Brummel said bitter things but he said them in public, and people feared and respected him for them. McAllister is genial and flattering in public, and only indulges in Beau Brummel's sarcasms, witticisms, and cynical descriptions of personalities in his conversations with third parties. In other words, McAllister pleads for his social and fashionable position, while Beau Brummel absolutely demanded it, and it was accorded him.

Starting this way, the points of difference between the modern leader of the "four hundred" and the old Knight of Bath are almost too numerous to recite. Beau Brummel thanks God that his mother's sister had brought him up and saved him from going down to the city, from which awful place no social traveler ever returns. The ancient dandy reproved his nephew for asking him whether or not he was busy, and averred that no fashionable man ever was busy. "Insects and city people were busy, but none others." Ward McAllister, on the other hand, is emphatically a busy man, and now, at sixty years of age, I am told that he has some thoughts of becoming a business man. As is well known, he is the self-appointed collector of subscriptions for the Patriarch balls at Delmonico's every year, and the collection of the subscriptions, the printing of tickets for the balls, and their subsequent distribution involves an amount of work which very few men indeed would care to undertake, even at a handsome salary. Of course Ward McAllister does it gratuitously. I think he realizes now the amount of work he has done on behalf of New York society for nothing, and the writing of his book and the arrangement he made for its publication, and certain rumors that have come to me about his going in the wine business, indicate that for the remainder of his time he proposes to work for himself and his family. This will involve no very great change in his life and habits, because, as I have already said, he has always, unlike Beau Brummel, been a busy man. His Wall Street visits, by the way, suggest the fact that Wall Street men have always been very attentive to McAllister for the reason that they believed he could help them socially. I am told that one man whose name is perfectly well known, after he came



A COAL BREAKER.

miners, and a mule. The latter had been in the mine for fifteen years, and in all that time had not seen a streak of daylight, and had lost all ambition to kick. Under the guidance of one of the miners the party started to traverse the main tunnel or gangway. This gangway was three-quarters of a mile long, and ran along the vein of coal. The coal veins, it must be remembered, all run east and west, and are shaped like a child's cradle, or the letter V with the point rounded. This mine is situated on the east bank of the Susquehanna River, near Wilkesbarre, and its tunnels and gangways dip down and run underneath the river to a distance of 800 feet under the opposite shore. So that when

on to New York from the West some years ago, offered to make some speculative investments for him if he would agree to use his influence in furthering the social aspirations of his family, and particularly of his daughter, who has, by the way, married a Boston man. Ward McAllister is authority for the statement that he declined this interesting proposition.

Another point of view from which Ward McAllister to-day can be compared with Beau Brummel of King George's time is, of course, that regarding their attention to dress and the results achieved. Beau Brummel, according to the playwright, was extremely thankful to the Creator that he had given him a body which he might adorn according to his own taste. Judging from Ward McAllister's appearance on the street, he does not entertain any gratitude of this kind. As a matter of fact, the clothes of the leader of the "four hundred" are usually shabby, and give no indication whatever of anxious or extended conferences with his tailor. As a matter of fact, Ward McAllister's coat and his hat became at one time so much the worse for wear that comments were made in the New York papers on so extraordinary a matter, and the subject of the criticism was forced into replenishing his wardrobe. At social entertainments in the evening he wears, of course, an ordinary evening dress for gentlemen, and although he does not renew his swallow-tail or his trousers annually, as a great many men do, his inattention to dress is not a matter calculated to attract notice. In his youth Ward McAllister was something of a dandy. There is a story current in society that he fell heir to a thousand dollars when he was about twenty years of age, and immediately invested the entire sum in a costume for a fancy ball. As he grew older he seems to have lost this taste for fine clothes, and finally reached the stage of utter indifference already referred to. As his attention to dress decreased he seems to have increased his attention to the dinner-table, and to the wines and viands suitable for a swell dinner. He is said now to be the best judge of old Madeira in the country.

How different all this is from Beau Brummel it is scarcely necessary to point out. The Georgian dandy gave up hours to consultations with his tailor, and gave up days of thought to plans for eluding their bills and the bailiffs his tailors sent after him. Beau Brummel's clothes were not always superb, but he had a valet to keep them in order and to help him when he dressed. Ward McAllister does not have a valet at all, and doesn't believe in them.

Another point of difference between Ward McAllister and Beau Brummel has to do with their relations to literature. When Beau Brummel retired from London society and went over to Calais, a number of London publishers made him propositions looking to a book written by him to deal with the story of his life, and to contain anecdotes of the prominent people whom he had met and what they said. Brummel always indignantly refused to listen to anything of the kind. As is well known, Ward McAllister has already written such a book, and expects to make \$25,000 out of it.

William Planché

THE DOLL CHARITY.

FORTUNE smiles more and more benignly upon the Charity-Doll Show!

Friends of this enterprise for the benefit of children are daily being won to interest in the scheme all over the land, and before their demands the piles of dolls, each in its own box, which looked such a formidable army to clothe a few weeks ago, are melting out of sight like snow-dreaths in June.

The vice-president of the King's Daughters' Committee on Tenement House Work, Mr. Jacob A. Riis, who knows so thoroughly, from his labors among them, "how the other side lives," writes of giving dolls to the tenement babies as follows:

"I have four little tots myself in my home at Long Island, and if there is anything that has given me unalloyed pleasure these last thirteen years, it has been the privilege of buying them unlimited dolls. These are lying around the house in all stages of pitiable dilapidation. I can't take a step in the garden without treading on the dismembered body, or an arm, or a leg of a china or rubber doll, or one of wood with round joints. Every night my little daughter goes to sleep hugging one of these bruised ones in her little arms, and I have to kiss its dirty face as a penalty for lots of offenses I never committed. It is 'love me, love my doll.' Why shouldn't I be in favor of dolls? I regard every tenement-house child that has no doll as being robbed most indefensibly of the first right of an American baby!—and God knows there are lots of them. Give them dolls; give them all you can! I am sure the children who get them will grow up with one defense at least against the moral crookedness of the tenement—the something it so deplorably lacks to call out human sympathy and love, and with them half the battle is won.

Faithfully yours,

JACOB A. RIIS."

Mr. Riis urges us to give those waifs all the dolls we can. That means as many dolls as the ladies of America will dress. FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is willing to go on buying dolls indefinitely so long as there is a demand.

A party of little girls, chaperoned by a pretty elder sister, came to the office last Saturday morning. It was a delegation from the Golden Rule Circle of Newark, a children's benevolent society. Their errand was to ascertain if they might have a hundred charity dolls to dress, which might, after exhibition, be distributed among the poor and sick children in their own city. They went away happy in the assurance that their wish will be granted, and the dolls will be consigned to the young president, a pretty lassie of twelve summers.

The same day that these little philanthropists called, one of the Sisters of the Order of St. Mary came about dolls. Two hospitals are in charge of this sisterhood—St. Mary's Free Hospital for Children on West Thirty-fourth Street, and the Laura Franklin Hospital on East One Hundred and Eleventh Street. The afflicted little inmates of both institutions are to have Christmas dollies from the exhibition. Some of the Sisters in the House of Mercy, on West Eighty-sixth Street, which belongs to the same order, are dressing dolls for the children. One hundred charity dolls have been sent to "The Oaks" at Lakewood, to be dressed by the pupils of that school.

Mrs. G. H. Gilbert came for a big lovely doll that is to be arrayed by her own clever fingers in a wonderful Watteau costume. "Aunt Louisa" Eldridge has signified her kind intentions in the following note:

"To FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER:—I am delighted at the idea of your doll fair, and will take great pleasure in dressing one of

your largest dolls for the occasion. I hope it will be a great success, and that my doll will gladden the heart and make Christmas a merry one for one little girl among the many. Sincerely yours, AUNT LOUISA."

Pretty Isabel Evesson selected a doll, with eyes as big and brown as her own, which will personate Mrs. Dr. Bill. Beatrice Cameron carried off two dolls to dress while she is en tour, respectively as Beau Brummel and Marianna.

Lillian Russell is dressing a wonderful blonde beauty, while a smaller doll-baby will owe its first wardrobe to the industry of little Miss Lillian, the prima donna's six-year-old daughter.

From England comes a letter from an American sweet singer, whose tenderness for her one little son makes her always ready to respond to any appeal for a children's charity. She writes:

"16 THE BOLTONS, SOUTH KENSINGTON.
"I shall have much pleasure in sending you the doll you ask for. I shall dress it as Desdemona, and you shall have it by December 1st.
"Yours very sincerely,
E. ALBANI-GYE."

Some of the dolls sent out early in the season have been returned in most fascinating array. The Bébé Redfern is a vision of beauty. She is dressed to represent a four-year-old child, in an exquisite silk frock of pale apricot pink. The yoke and sleeves are "smocked." All her little undergarments are of the daintiest fashion in soft, white silk—hand-made, "feather-stitched," and lace-trimmed. Short white silken socks and bronze shoes peep out from the long walking-coat of cream-colored cloth, trimmed with velvet and golden beaver bands. There is a wide hat to match, and the chubby hands of Bébé are clasped in a tiny fancy muff of velvet and fur, out of the pocket of which sticks a small lace handkerchief. It is a doll to excite the liveliest admiration in all beholders, and to drive little girls into ecstasies of delight.

Mrs. Madge Kendal's is a smaller "Kate Verity"—austerely sweet and simple and dignified.

"I have arrayed her exactly as I dress myself," said the famous English actress. And so it is with much interest that one views this doll in her plain, trailing gown of gray-blue cotton. At neck and wrists are tiny bands of snowy linen. A wide-brimmed hat, wreathed with wild flowers, covers her auburn braids, and she wears a pair of "open-work" stockings knitted by pretty, golden-haired Daisy Kendal's deft fingers.

There is a "Pansy" doll clothed in an evening gown of cream bolting cloth, upon which are hand painted sprays of the purple blossoms, and she wears a tiny bonnet formed of a large velvet heartsease. Another doll is daintily clad in white *crêpe de chine* embroidered with pale-pink arbutus flowers. But there is no room for further descriptions. You shall see the dolls in all their glory at the Doll Show. Meanwhile, please send in your orders for dolls to dress as soon as possible. We must have them all back again by December 1st.

THE LOURDES OF THE WEST.

OUTSIDE the Province of Quebec, until quite recently, the general public has heard but rarely of the little village of Ste. Anne de Beaupré, sometimes called Ste. Anne du Nord, always *La Bonne Ste. Anne*; yet it is undoubtedly the Lourdes of the Western Hemisphere.

The parish church, consecrated to Ste. Anne, was erected into a shrine of the first order by Pope Pius IX. sixteen years ago. In it are thousands of crutches left by those who have been cured of their maladies. Within the sanctuary is deposited a holy relic, the finger-bone of the saint herself, upon kissing which the devotee is immediately relieved of all wordly ills and misfortunes.

In the last three years hundreds of pilgrims have daily arrived from different parts of the Province. Over 115,000 since the first of the year have gone there by rail alone, and on the 26th of July last, which was a festival day, 14,000 pilgrims arrived at the shrine between sunrise and sunset, many of them coming long distances on foot, either as a penance, in performance of vows, or to be cured of bodily infirmity. Tourists loitering in the quaint old city of Quebec hear countless tales of the lame and the hopelessly blind leaving their crutches and bandages behind them and returning to their friends with firm limbs and sight restored.

On the 2d of August our little party of four, representing as many different creeds, together with a flint-hearted skeptic, joined the great army of pilgrims, hoping to see with our own eyes the healing powers of the Mother of the Virgin tested. The journey of twenty miles, through scenery wild and picturesque, characteristic of the Laurentian Range, is soon accomplished. The church from without is unassuming enough, but within, the elaborately wrought altar of purest marble and the statue and shrine of Ste. Anne are marvels of beauty and art. On either side are alcoves with life-size statues of the saints and beautifully decorated altars. Among the many excellent paintings is one exceptionally fine—"Ste. Anne and the Virgin," by the famous artist, Le Brun, presented by M. de Tracy, Viceroy of New France, in 1666, to the church for benefits received. But most wonderful of all are the pyramids of crutches and bandages; not only these have been left by those cured, but as many others that are annually burned. Gazing upon them, wonder begins and incredulity vanishes.

Among the worshipers at the shrine at the Mass we attended was one whose limb was hopelessly crippled, apparently from rheumatism. For a long time he knelt; finally the crooked limb is straightened, the crutch laid softly down, and the man walks away. No one heeds him; each is wrapped in his or her devotions. At last the shrine is deserted. Involuntarily we wait expectantly. Suddenly down the aisle comes the sound of little crutches touching the floor lightly, and alone, at the feet of the image of *La Bonne Ste. Anne*, stands a misshapen little creature—a cruel story without words—that instantly appeals to every

heart; the shoulders drawn up, the poor little limbs shrunken and twisted, but the face intellectual and of unusual beauty. The minutes drag heavily. Often the pathetic eyes are raised in mute entreaty to the good saint, whom he evidently expects will relieve him of all his woes. Out of the breathless silence rises the sonorous voice of the Redemptorist Father in ardent appeal for this little child of faith. Now and again are broken sobs from sympathetic hearts, and a strong man faints and is carried out. At last the mother goes to him softly. The wee crutches are laid reverently down, and the little fellow walks away; slowly, but he walks unaided, which an hour before was an utter impossibility. "I shall follow that child," declares our skeptical friend; and follow him he did, bringing up the rear of the little family procession, until they reached the wharf a half-dozen blocks away, the boy walking the entire distance. It was impossible to doubt. Our pessimist returns with conviction deeply settled in his own soul, and is silent the rest of the day. Afterward was a special service, when the holy relic was exhibited and each allowed to kiss it and receive the blessing of the priest. Eight or nine priests of the Redemptorist order are in constant attendance, and services are held daily from morning until night. On the day mentioned a priest from Troy, N. Y., officiated. He declared his intention of bringing over his entire parish of six hundred members the following week. It is also rumored that Archbishop Fechan is soon to sanction a pilgrimage from Chicago and the West, which will probably be the largest ever known on the American Continent.

FANNIE KEATOR.

THE HACKLEY PUBLIC LIBRARY, MUSKEGON, MICH.

THE Hackley Public Library, at Muskegon, Mich., was dedicated Wednesday, October 15th, Hon. Thomas W. Palmer, ex-Minister to Spain, president of the World's Fair, delivering the address of the day. The attendance was very large, the occasion being made a holiday in Muskegon, and many visitors being present from out of town.

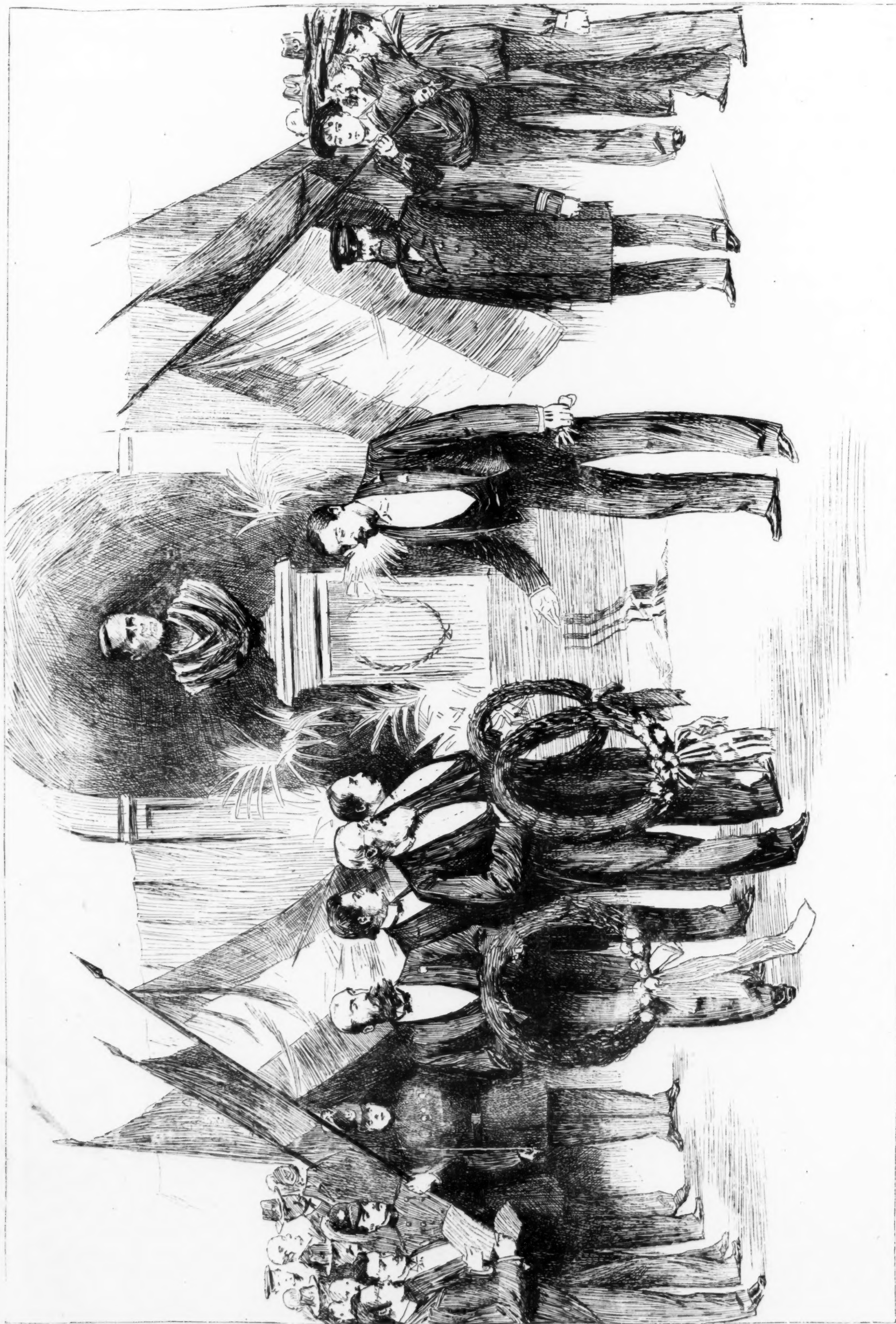
The building is very handsome, of Maine granite and Marquette brownstone, is especially designed for library purposes, and is fire-proof. The library-room, finished in richly carved quarter-sawn oak; the reading-room, also in oak, and the reference library, finished in mahogany, are on the first floor, while a marble stairway leads to a large-sized hall above. The workmanship throughout is of the most substantial character, and no expense has been spared in making the building perfect. It cost \$110,000, not including the real estate, and is the finest building of the kind in the State, and the first to be built by private enterprise and donated to the people.

Charles H. Hackley, who built the library, is a lumberman and very wealthy. He arrived in Muskegon about thirty-five years ago, and commenced life by working for \$22 a month driving team. He invested his savings in pine lands, secured an interest in a small saw-mill, was fortunate in all he undertook, and almost before he knew it was rich. Three years ago he determined to do something for the city in which he had made his fortune, and at the same time erect a monument to himself which would be a lasting memorial to his name. He made his will, bequeathing \$50,000 to the city for a public library and \$25,000 more to be invested, the interest to be used in the purchase of books. A year later he decided that it would be better and that he would receive greater personal satisfaction and happiness in being his own executor in respect to his public bequest. He signified his desire to the city authorities to build the library. His generous offer was accepted, and the library building as it stands to day is the result. The building cost double the amount

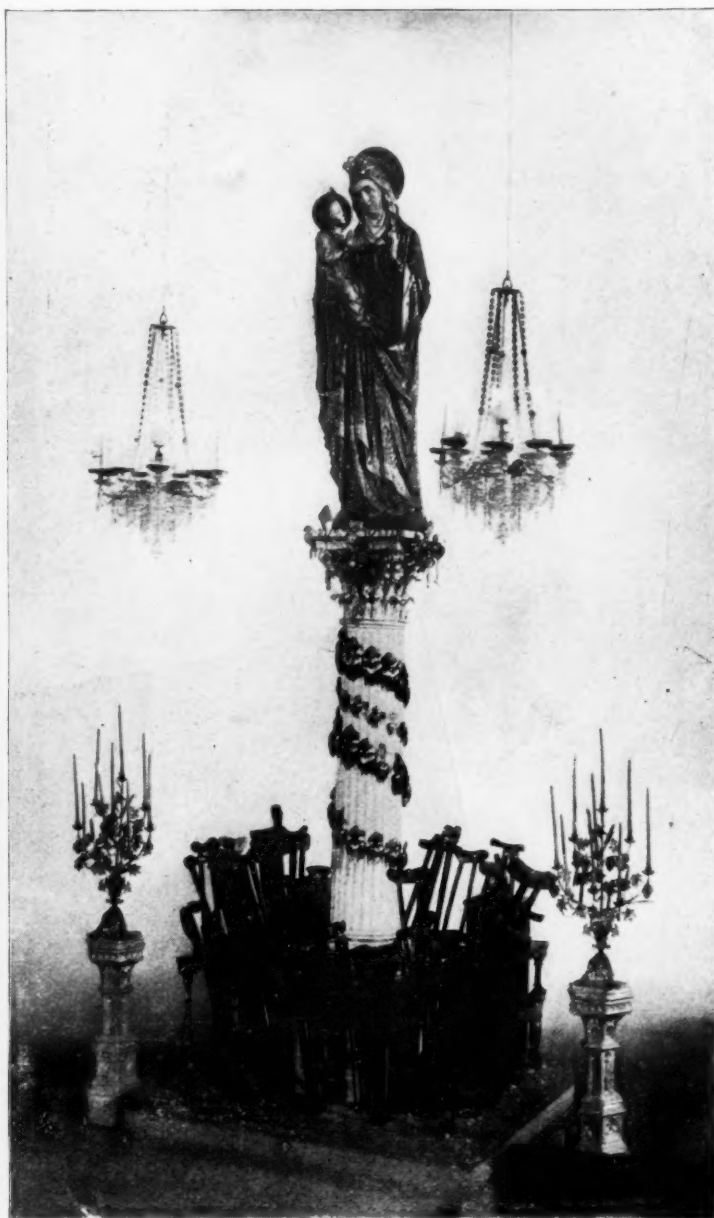
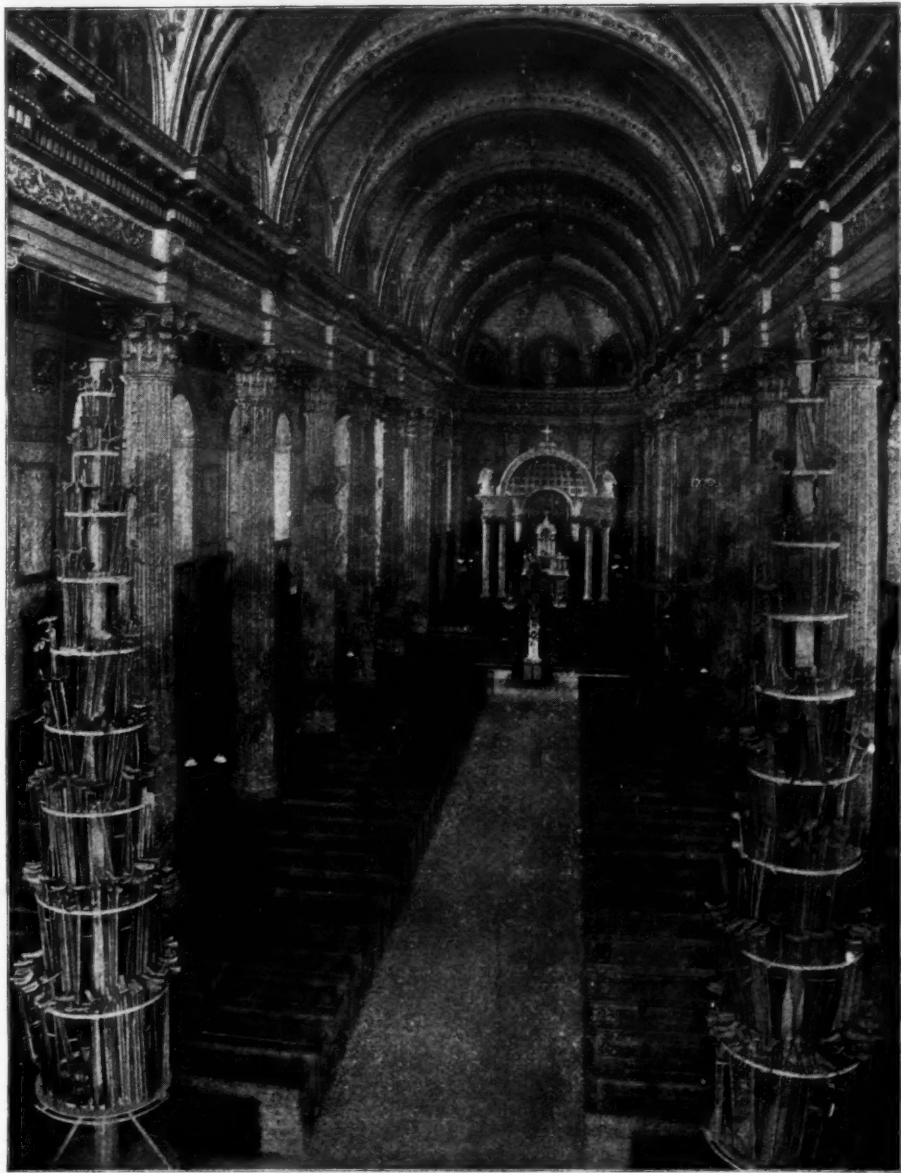


THE HACKLEY PUBLIC LIBRARY OF MUSKEGON.

originally intended, but Mr. Hackley, when once he had become interested in the work, ordered it to proceed regardless of expense. In addition to paying all the building expenses, Mr. Hackley purchased \$25,000 worth of books for the library, which, with the books already owned by the city, makes a total of 12,000 volumes. He has besides this given \$25,000 more as an endowment, the interest to be used in maintaining the library. His donation to the city aggregates about \$175,000.



THE COMMEMORATION OF THE NINETIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTHDAY OF FIELD-MARSHAL VON MOLTKE BY THE GERMANS OF NEW YORK CITY, AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA-HOUSE—A TRIBUTE OF LAUREL WREATHS.—[DRAWN BY CLINEBIST.—(SEE PAGE 245.)]



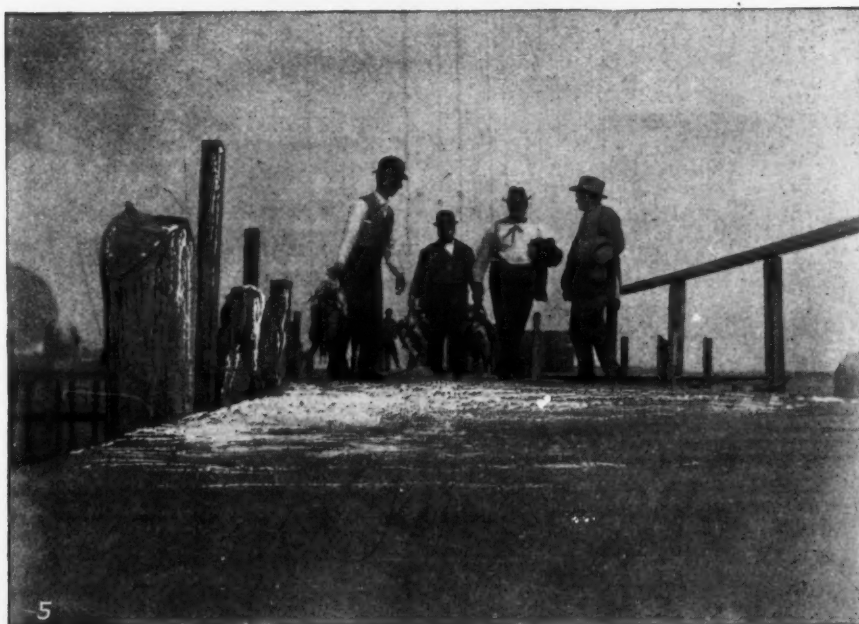
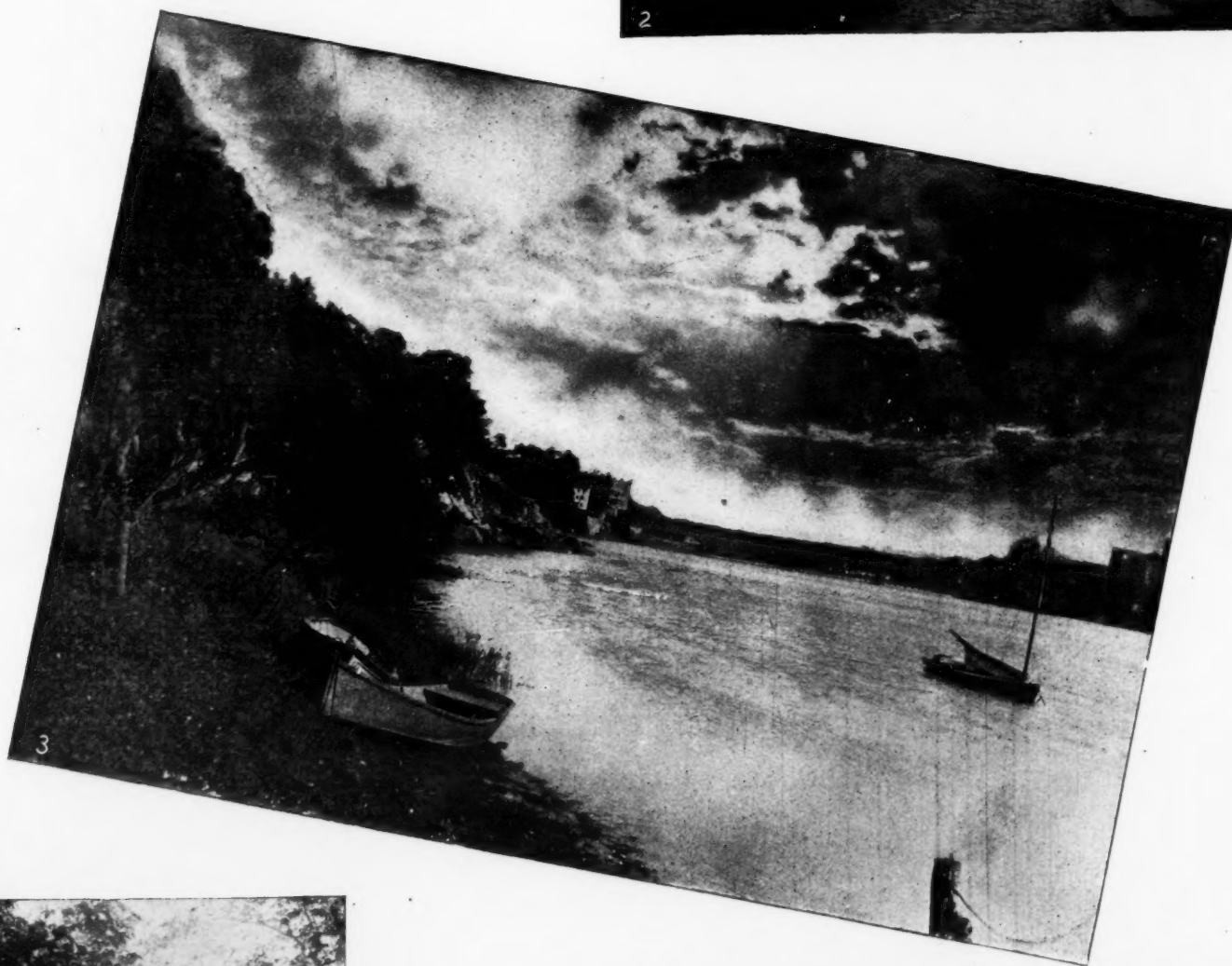
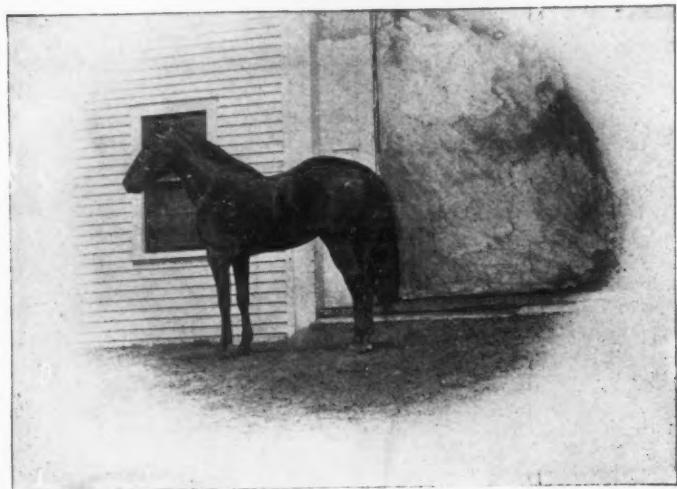
BASILIQUE STE. ANNE DE BEAUPRE—PYRAMIDS OF CRUTCHES LEFT BY PERSONS CURED.

THE SHRINE OF THE CHURCH OF BONNE STE. ANNE DE BEAUPRE, SHOWING CRUTCHES LEFT BY CRIPPLES WHOSE LIMBS HAVE BEEN RESTORED.

THE LOURDES OF THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE.—[SEE PAGE 204.]

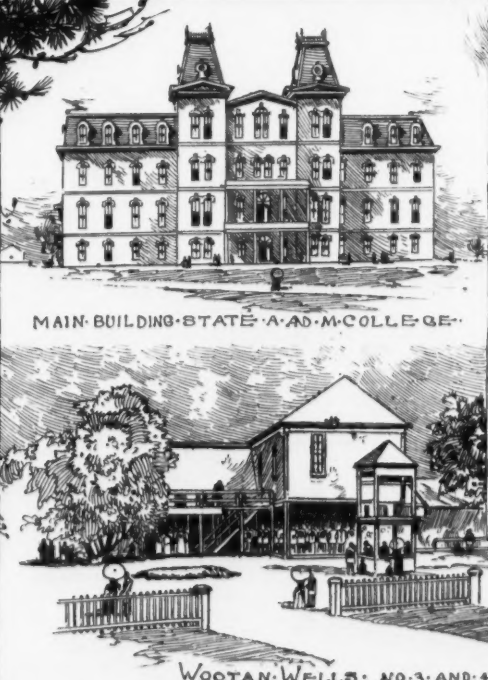
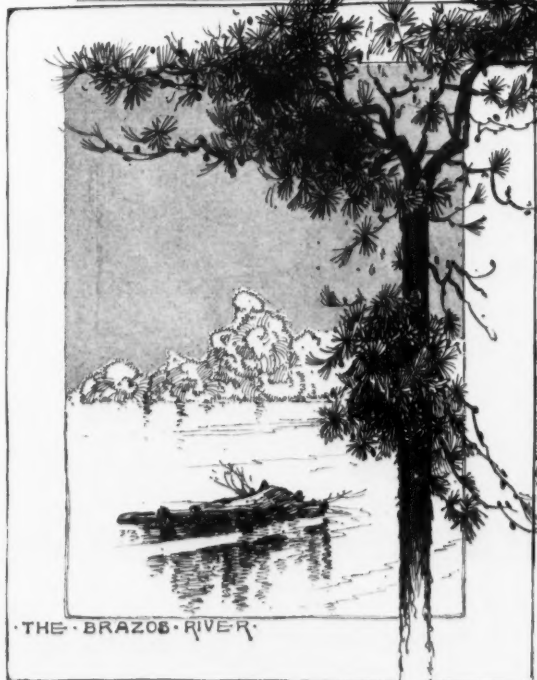
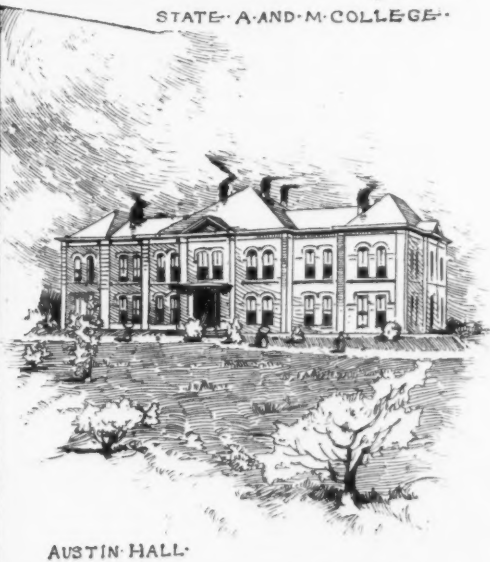
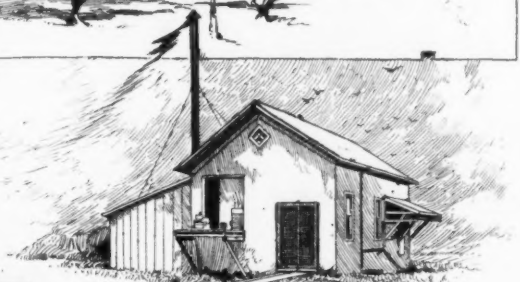
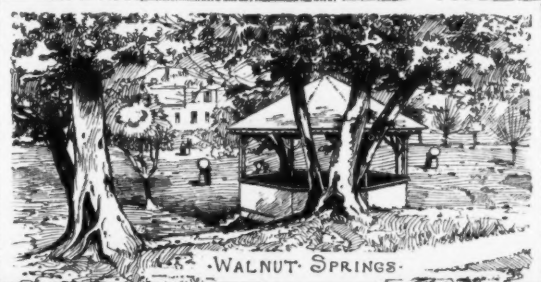
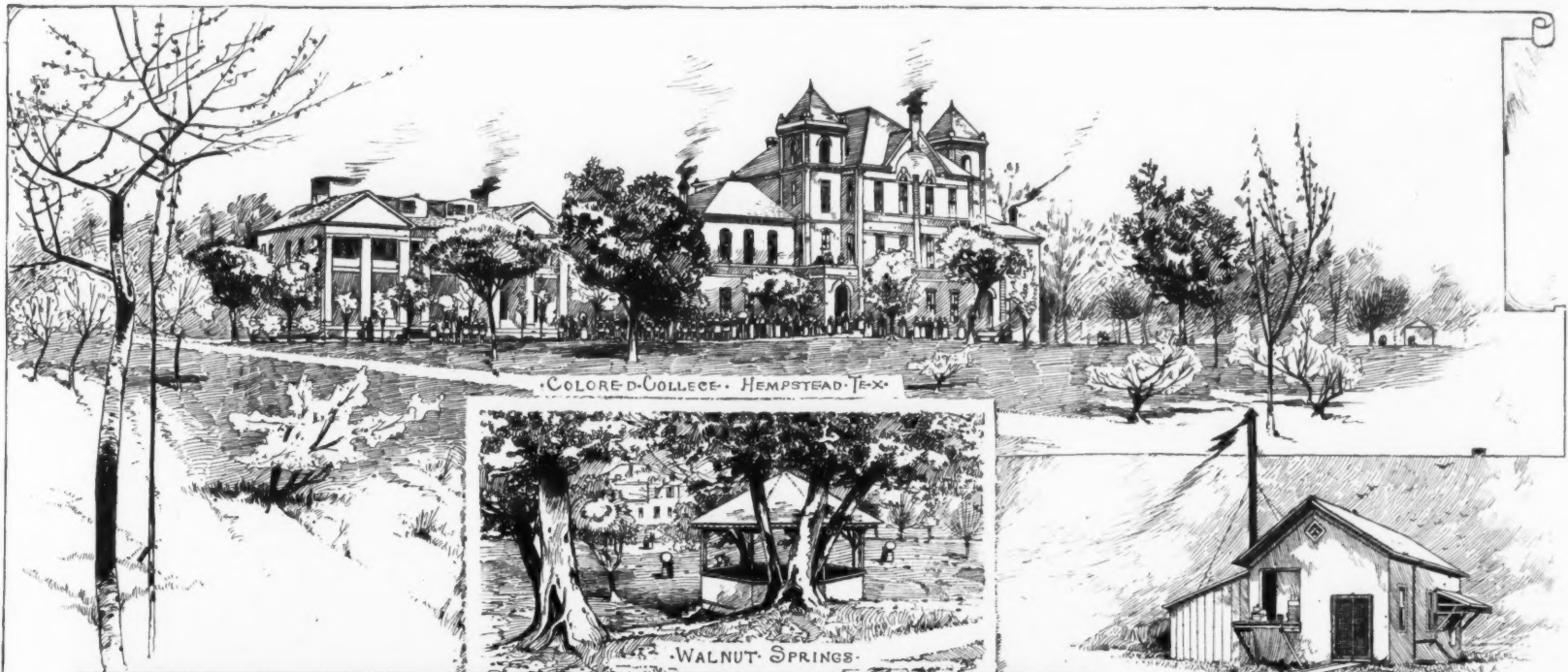


A GLIMPSE OF HOME LIFE IN LAPLAND.—FROM A PHOTO SUPPLIED BY D. W. BAKER.



1. HORSE—PHOTO BY J. WILKINS, SUNCOOK, N. H. 2. MEMORIAL ARCHES, TUNG CHOWFU, CHINA.—PHOTO BY REV. CHARLES A. KILLIE. 3. "THE CREEPING TIDE CAME UP ALONG THE LAND." PHOTO BY M. HELENE SMITH, BIRMINGHAM, CONN. 4. "MORNING HOURS HAVE GOLD IN SHOWERS."—PHOTO BY SAUL A. ZUBER, NEW YORK CITY. 5. FISHING-GROUND, ANGLESEA, NEW JERSEY.—PHOTO BY HENRY VEST, PHILADELPHIA.

OUR SECOND AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEST.—EXAMPLES OF THE WORK SUBMITTED IN COMPETITION FOR THE PRIZES.



WOOTAN WELLS, NO. 3 AND 4.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PROF. CURTIS, M.S.A.

INTERNATIONAL AND GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.—THE DIRECT ROUTE TO MEXICO.



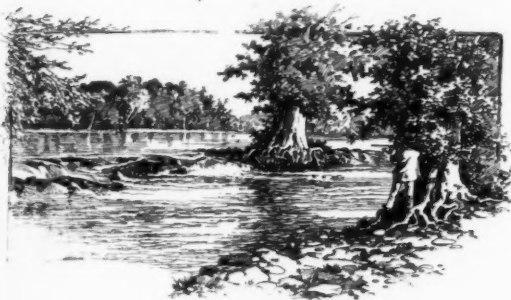
NEW INTERNATIONAL AND GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY DEPOT AT AUSTIN, TEXAS.

HE special corps of artists, correspondents, and others sent by FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER on the palatial car "Mayflower," to make a tour of Texas, was under constant obligation to the officers of

the International and Great Northern Railway for courtesies freely extended. It is impossible for any one to make a visit to the most populous cities of Texas without patronizing the famous International route. Its welfare is closely interwoven with the success and growth of Texas. Galveston, Houston, Austin, San Antonio, and Laredo, among the greatest, most prosperous, and promising cities in the State, are all among the chief points of interest on the International route. Galveston is the great seaport and summer resort; Houston a flourishing railroad centre; Austin, the capital, a manufacturing and winter resort; San Antonio, the market and trading centre of Mexico, with a delightful winter climate adapted to the cure of pulmonary troubles; and Laredo is the gateway between the United States and Mexico, with a wide reputation among winter tourists by reason of its excellent hotel accommodations.

In our three extra Texas editions, complete and accurate descriptions of the attractive places along the International route were given. It passes through a highly fertile section of the State, where the most rapid development is progressing, and where the most promising opportunities for safe and profitable investment can be found. The tide of travel has of late been strongly directed from the West and East, and even from the Northwest, to the arable lands along the International route, which are offered to settlers at low figures and on reasonable terms.

The attention of the traveling public has been particularly attracted to this railway system by reason of the fact that it offers the quickest and most direct route to the capital of the Republic



ON THE GUADALUPE RIVER.

of Mexico, connecting as it does with a route running almost parallel to the coast line, and passing through the flourishing cities of Monterey, Saltillo, and San Luis Potosi, with the Sierra Madre Mountains in full view through the windows of the car, in the most picturesque part of Mexico. The tide of winter travel has, since the completion of this short route to Mexico, been steadily diverted toward the Mexican Republic, and no more delightful, inexpensive, and pleasant trip could be imagined.

From New York to the City of Mexico, via St. Louis and the International route, the journey can be made in a little over four days; so that in mid-winter one can speedily take himself from the frosty temperature of the North to the delicious, balmy air of the tropics in little more than half a week, and over a route full of historic interest and beautified with some of the finest scenery in the world.

The shortness of the route, as well as the enterprising character of the management of the International and Great Northern, has made it one of the greatest and most popular systems in the Southwest. Its growth has been the legitimate outcome of many natural advantages, as well as of the vigor, liberality, and enterprise of its management.

Our artist presents sketches of a few of the many interesting spots along the International. We were under obligations to the following officers of the road: Receivers T. R. Bonner and J. M. Eddy; Traffic Manager J. E. Galbraith, and A. G. P. and T. A. D. J. Price.

THE HOUSTON AND TEXAS CENTRAL RAILWAY.

THE State of Texas presents, perhaps, the most positive results of railroad progress of any State in the Union. Far removed from the great interstate thoroughfares, and looking to its own coast only for an outlet, it was dependent for many years of railway construction, almost entirely upon the inducements which its resources offered to capital. Situated on the southwestern border of the Union, there was not only a want of that interstate carriage which has so largely contributed to the success of railway operations in many of the other States, but this geographical position, with its influences against the flow of emigration, was detrimental to railway investment. That these influences have been overcome, and the magnificent resources of the State demonstrated, is largely due to the enterprise of the originators and promoters of the Houston and Texas Central Railway, which occupies the choice position, both as to population, taxable wealth, and agricultural resources in Texas.

Midway through that splendid agricultural belt lying between the ninety-fifth and ninety-eighth degrees of longitude, west, the Houston and Texas Central Railway courses from tide-water to

the Red River border; its base upon the navigable waters of the Gulf of Mexico, at Houston fifty miles from the open sea, with the Trinity about sixty miles to the eastward, and the Colorado about one hundred miles to the westward. The projectors of this line made the wise choice of a route bearing a little to the westward, covering the rich lands of the Brazos for about one hundred and sixty miles, and thence almost due north to the Red River, making the total distance from Houston three hundred and forty-two miles. As it leaves the waters of the Brazos, the Trinity, which has been on a line almost parallel to the east, now bears to the westward, and the road is soon among its tributaries, touching the main stream at Dallas, and continues through a region thus watered until it reaches the tributaries of the Red River, near its terminal point. Amid the hot suns of a southern latitude, these contiguous water-courses give drainage and moisture that insures easy growth and constant sustenance to the crops. The bottoms of the rivers and creeks, subject to but an occasional overflow, have a rich alluvial, while the uplands, both of plain and timber, have a great depth of fertile soil, varying according to the peculiar features of each region, its elevation, and its geological formation.

The hold of the main line upon the trade of the prosperous cities on its line, from Houston, its tidal base, to Denison, and its close communication with Galveston, New Orleans, and the Southern Pacific for California, make the cross lines, which have been built by other interests, feeders to an extent which more than overcomes competitive influences in contiguous or common territory. The western branch runs from Hempstead on the main line, fifty miles from Houston, to Austin, the capital of the State, a distance of one hundred and fifteen miles. Its course is through the famed bottoms of the Brazos and its tributaries, until it enters the undulating plains and forests overlying these waters and those of the Colorado, the latter now lying on its left, for a distance of near seventy miles, approaching Austin. The northwestern branch leaves the main stem at Bremond, one hundred and forty-three miles from Houston, and commanding the Brazos bottoms. It rests upon the river at the flourishing city of Waco; thence follows the same trend to its junction with the Texas Central Railway at Ross, eleven miles from Waco and fifty-four miles from the main line.

Here are five hundred and ten miles of railway, covering a country of unsurpassed fertility in prairie and plain, and bottoms rank with luxurious vegetation; with great forests of timber adapted to the use of the farm, and vast forests of pine to the near eastward, for building purposes; with abundance of stone in easy reach; with numerous water-courses, and regular rainfall and diversified climate; yet all within the temperate range.

The elevation of Houston is fifty feet above the level of the sea. According to the report of the State Geologist, the region covered by these lines belongs to the First Geological District, "which comprises that portion of Texas lying between the Gulf coast and the foot of the grand prairie region. In no place does the altitude of this broad belt exceed seven hundred feet above the sea level. Beginning at the coast-line in level prairies, it gradually becomes undulating and then hilly, until it meets the higher hills which form the scarp bounding it on the north and west."

Upon the lower lines of elevation the prairies have a dark, sticky soil, with underlying beds of clays and sandy clays of various hues; and, as the country rises upon beds of sand, sandstones and clays more or less calcareous. Near the coast, and especially in the vicinity of Houston, Artesian water of the purest quality is obtained at a depth varying from 200 to 500 feet. As the land rises to an elevation of about 200 feet the Fayette beds crop out in the deep gorges of the creeks and rivers, showing beds of clay, and lignite, limestone, sands and sandstones, with seams and concretions of calcareous matter; clays of every class, including many adapted to pottery. The soil is mostly of a black clayey or sandy character, highly productive; fertility made certain from the lime it contains. The higher elevations, embracing the timbered and rolling prairie region from about 200 feet to 700 feet above the Gulf, rest upon the "Timber Belt Beds" of sandstone and limestone, which already are quarried to a consider-

able extent. The soils are red clay, red sand or mulatto, just as they are underlain by sands or clays respectively. On many of the uplands there is a gray, sandy soil grading down to a red soil, which is especially adapted to the growth of fruit. Lignite exists, not in continuous beds, but in lenticular beds of greater or less extent. The whole area from Houston to the Red River, and upon the branch lines, will compare favorably with



ON COMAL RIVER.

any region of the world in its combination of rich soil and almost inexhaustible timber, valuable sands, clays, and sufficient stone for all building purposes.

Statistics of the Counties on the line of the Houston and Texas Central Railway:

Counties.	Bales Cotton, 1888-89.	Bushels Corn, 1888-89.	Approp't m't of State School Fund for 1889.	Rate of Co. Tax'n on \$100 Valuation.
Brazos	15,702	445,992	\$15,332	\$0.42½
Bastrop	16,995	724,304	19,708	24
Collins	26,103	2,395,808	33,816	40
Dallas	21,563	2,481,662	53,128	50
Ellis	34,788	2,211,228	28,308	22½
Freestone	12,045	639,577	17,828	35
Falls	28,803	1,332,808	19,580	62½
Fayette	40,171	1,294,725	31,632	30
Grimes	13,480	397,582	24,484	40
Grayson	18,280	2,169,398	50,428	50
Harris	2,232	240,541	34,308	40
Limestone	16,892	854,000	20,428	30
McLennan	20,725	1,706,221	34,916	25
Navarro	15,378	962,630	29,980	35
Lee	11,082	500,780	11,404	30
Robertson	17,942	607,542	29,992	60
Travis	29,351	1,105,084	40,272	35
Waller	7,840	319,508	16,052	50
Washington	30,917	997,704	30,264	47½
	380,249	21,327,184	\$542,100	

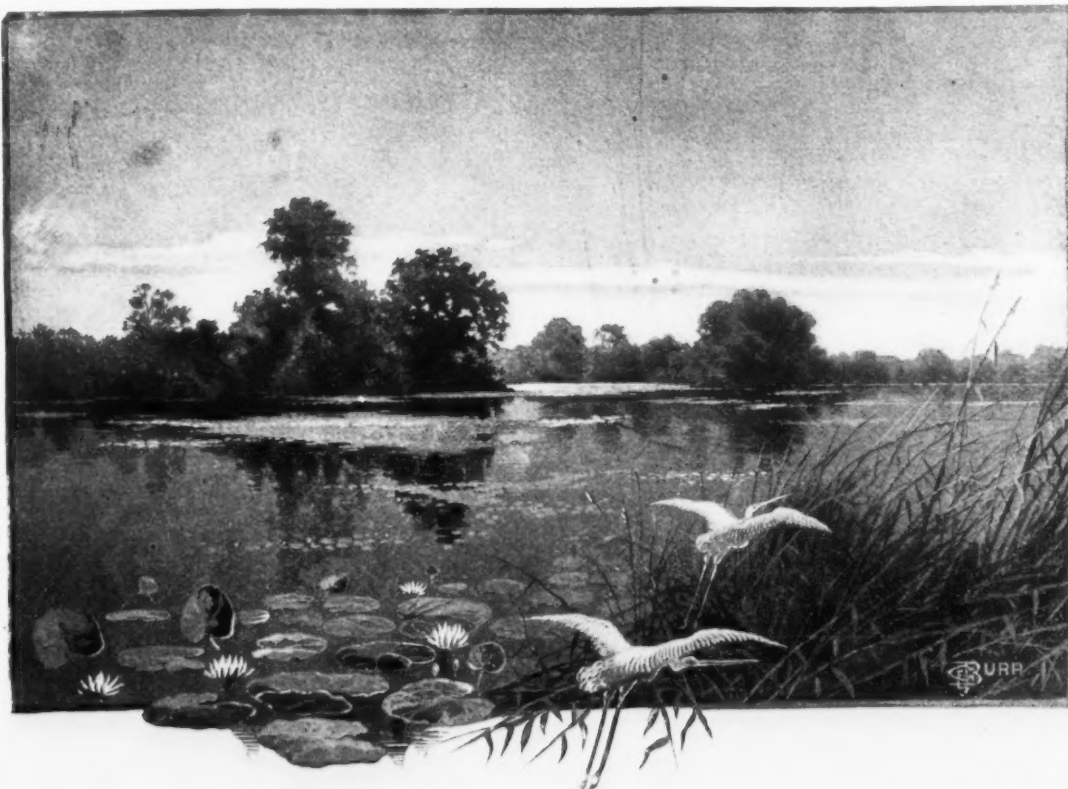
Average rate of County taxation on \$100 valuation, \$0.41.
Total State taxation on \$100 valuation, \$0.32½.

Statistics of the Counties on the line of the Houston and Texas Central Railway:

Counties.	Taxable Wealth, 1880.	Taxable Wealth, 1889.	Increase in Taxable Wealth, 1880 to 1889.
Brazos	\$2,147,070	\$3,597,699	\$1,450,629
Bastrop	2,813,122	4,182,755	1,369,633
Collins	5,303,532	10,287,400	5,083,868
Dallas	8,441,330	29,511,630	21,070,300
Ellis	5,810,714	11,979,399	6,168,685
Freestone	1,860,152	2,641,998	781,846
Falls	3,463,506	6,263,385	2,859,879
Fayette	5,034,843	8,639,890	3,605,047
Grimes	2,320,701	3,587,928	1,267,227
Grayson	7,060,746	14,184,032	7,123,286
Harris	8,277,639	14,119,651	5,842,012
Limestone	2,383,744	5,829,420	3,445,676
McLennan	6,772,794	15,528,156	8,755,362
Navarro	4,852,306	9,576,391	4,724,085
Lee	1,697,776	2,463,930	766,154
Robertson	3,324,958	4,981,909	1,656,951
Travis	9,622,062	14,163,180	5,541,118
Waller	1,703,890	2,332,863	628,973
Washington	5,315,632	6,732,078	1,416,446
	\$87,446,517	\$169,943,754	\$82,497,237

Increase in Taxable Wealth since 1870, \$123,482,071.

This pioneer trunk line of Texas was the outgrowth of the enterprise of a number of the sagacious minds of the city of



ON THE SAN MARCOS RIVER.

Houston. Construction commenced in 1853. It had progressed about eighty miles into the interior when the war put a stop on all railway building in Texas. Active extension was resumed in 1867. The road was completed to its terminus on Red River in 1873. The Western branch was completed to Austin in 1871, and the Northwestern division through to Ross in 1876. Construction in those days was expensive; equipment and labor were high. Southern securities were at a discount, and as a result debt got ahead of the resources. The control of the road remained with its founders until 1877, when it passed into the hands of Mr. Charles Morgan, of New York, and subsequently into that of the Southern Pacific as purchaser of the stock of the Morgans Louisiana and Texas Railway and Steamship Company, an organization founded by that veteran steamship owner. It succumbed in 1885 to the financial pressure and loss of earnings, mainly owing to the bad cotton crops of several years previous, and passed into the hands of receivers appointed by the United States Court. A sale of the entire property has been made to satisfy the bonded debt, and a reorganization scheme is in progress under the auspices of the Central Trust Company of New York. The road remains in the hands of the receiver pending the final adjudication of matters pending in the courts. Its lands acquired from the State are applied to the liquidation of the mortgage debt.

The present management is in the hands of Mr. Charles Dillingham, receiver, who has still around him almost the entire corps of officials and operatives who have been with the road during the last ten to twenty years. Mr. Dillingham is fully identified with Texas enterprises. He is president of the new company.

Although since the Houston and Texas Central was completed in 1876 a number of new and important lines have been constructed, affecting in part the territory from which its main business comes, its advantageous position continues to assert itself. In 1876 it carried 336,000 bales of the cotton crop of Texas; in 1889 it carried 422,500 bales of the cotton crop. Its gross earnings, as reported to the State Comptroller for the year ending September 30th, 1889, were \$3,262,362; total tonnage freight in Texas, 565,207 tons; total number of miles run by trains, 2,323,740; total number of persons employed, 1,937; number of locomotives, 86; passenger cars, 44; mail cars, express cars, etc., 30; freight cars, 1,851.

The line of the Houston and Texas Central takes the traveler not only through the finest agricultural regions of Texas, but to and through many of the cities of the State, such as Houston, Corsicana, Dallas, Sherman, Denison, Waco, Austin, Bryan, the site of the State Agricultural College (five hundred students); and Hempstead (near the site of a branch of the same institution, educating about three hundred colored students).

These thriving interior cities and towns show the rapid advancement of Texas in the line of material progress, while Galveston, the leading commercial entrepot of Texas, is in easy reach of Houston by rail or water; and San Antonio, with its historic reminiscences and latter-day progress, lies but seventy miles west of its line, at the capital of the State.

Operated in harmony with the Houston and Texas Central Railway, is the Texas Central Railway, constructed northwest from Waco to Albany, in Shackelford County, at the foot of the great plains, a distance of 176 miles, through a picturesque region largely given to pastoral pursuits. Its Northwestern branch runs from Garrett, on the main line of the Houston and Texas Central, through the great agricultural counties of Ellis and Kaufman, to Roberts, in the southern part of Hunt County; also the Central Texas and Northwestern Railway and the Fort Worth and New Orleans Railway, which connect the main line with the prosperous city of Fort Worth, fifty-three miles distant, via the important town of Waxahachie, and are the connecting link between the great route of the Union Pacific from Denver to Fort Worth, and thence to Houston and New Orleans.

The tour of observation made by the FRANK LESLIE'S party through Texas took in the line of the Houston and Texas Central Railway. Every facility was afforded to see the lay of the land by easy stages, as well as the capacity of the track for celerity of movement. It is apparent that the management are determined that the road shall keep pace with the advancing condition of Texas, in all that contributes to comfort and material progress.

LIFE INSURANCE.—ITS ENIGMAS.

THE *Guardian*, official organ of the Order of Fraternal Guardians, of Philadelphia, is grievously nettled by "The Hermit's" criticism and condemnation of its scheme of life insurance. I am opposed to the scheme because it hides under the color of a beneficent organization like the Knights of Honor, or the Ancient Order of United Workmen, while at the same time pretending to do by its members that which such reputable organizations as these have never undertaken, simply because they are utterly visionary and impractical. The word "fraternity" is therefore, in the opinion of many, deceptive.

Again, the *Guardian* criticises "The Hermit" because I prefer an endowment policy of an old line company to the scheme offered by the Order of Fraternal Guardians. When a level premium company issues an endowment policy, the law of this and of every other State provides that it must maintain a fund in amount annually equal to the proportion agreed to be paid to the policy-holder at the stated periods. If in five years \$1,000 is to be paid, then at the expiration of the first year \$200 in cash, or its equivalent, must be on hand in its reserve fund. I maintain that all these pretended fraternal organizations, that have sprung up in recent years like a growth of mushrooms, do nothing of this kind, and that, therefore, they obtain business under a mistaken impression of their security, and by offering to do what time will show cannot be safely done, so far as endowments, at least, are concerned.

The Order of Fraternal Guardians is one of a multitude of insurance schemes, every one of which has been condemned by insurance experts, as well as by the managers of the great and successful fraternal insurance organizations and by the recent convention of assessment companies of the United States.

From Indianapolis I have a further inquiry in reference to the Order of Chosen Friends, recently mentioned in this column. There are some good things about this society. It has done fairly

well by its members; but I am opposed to its loan and sick benefit features. I think the Legislature of this and other States should follow the example set by England, and restrict the business of what we call "fraternal," but what the English call "friendly" insurance associations. In England such societies are limited in the payment of sick benefits and annuities to a maximum policy of £200, or \$1,000. The purpose of this is to give greater security to the members by limiting their liability to the association.

A correspondent at Concord, N. H., asks my advice in reference to taking out a life insurance policy in one of the old-line companies. From the statement of the circumstances of my subscriber, I think I can safely recommend what is known as the four per cent. bond policy of the Mutual Life, or, what is largely the same, the semi-tontine policy of the New York Life or the Equitable. All of these are among the best, when both investment and insurance are sought.

A correspondent at Auburn wishes information regarding the Sexennial League, a fraternal co-operative society, which boasts of having thirty-three lodges in Philadelphia alone. I am opposed to all associations of this kind, the fundamental principle of which is crystallized in a promise to pay out in six years' time about five times as much money to its policy-holders as is paid in. All such claims, as a rule, are subject to condemnation, and, I think, should be prohibited. If money were made so easily and safely, the bankers and brokers of Wall Street would quit its excitements, its speculations and its risks, and put all their money in such enterprises as the Sexennial League.

From Des Moines, Iowa, I have a letter from a correspondent inclosing a circular regarding the New York Life. It is a printed circular, which many others of my readers have no doubt seen, reciting that policy No. 111,740, issued March 9th, 1875, on the life of C. H. Lane, of Red Oak, Iowa, was settled March 9th, 1890, and that the insurance agent promised at the end of fifteen years to pay \$7,241 to Mr. Lane; but he was only paid \$4,660.60, or \$109.40 less than the aggregate amount of his premiums. I have made inquiries in reference to this matter, and I am told that Mr. Lane held an ordinary life tontine investment policy for \$10,000. The risk for that amount was safely carried by the New York Life for the fifteen years of the tontine period. The total amount of premiums paid is truthfully stated at \$4,870. It is not a matter of importance what any "agent" promises, for agents' promises, as I have said before, are worth nothing and bind nobody. The amount promised by the company in the policy to be paid in at the end of the fifteen years was "the legal reserve," namely, \$2,489.10. The amount actually paid by the company on settling was \$4,660.60, or nearly twice the guarantee. I am inclined to think that this was quite a satisfactory settlement. Mr. Lane certainly had a life insurance for \$10,000 for fifteen years, and then received back nearly every dollar that he had paid for it. Of course the carrying of a risk on a human life has a money value, and after deducting a fair estimate of the annual cost for the term insurance carried, the cash returned to Mr. Lane constitutes an investment of the remainder of his premiums at fairly good rates of interest.

The same circular inclosed by the correspondent at Des Moines refers to a policy on the life of Mr. A. C. Hinchman for \$6,000. He paid the company \$2,101.50 in fifteen years, and received back at the end of the fifteen-year period \$1,992.66. The circular, which is no doubt the production of an opposition life insurance company, adds: "Mr. Hinchman lost the interest of his money, and \$108.84 of the principal. Another overwhelming investment." This statement, so far as the figures go, is true; but the amount actually promised by the company at the end of the tontine period was \$968.94, while its actual payment on settlement was \$1,992.66. It should be borne in mind that this was not an investment. It was life insurance. Mr. Hinchman's life was insured for fifteen years for \$6,000, and at the end of that time he was paid every dollar that he put in except about \$100. The little leaflet inclosed by my correspondent, referring to these two policies, entirely ignores the fact that a life insurance policy furnishes protection as well as investment, and it therefore shows great ignorance of the subject of life insurance, or else the most unscrupulous suppression of facts.

The same correspondent at Des Moines asks my opinion of the "ordinary life policy" of the New York Life Company, which agrees to loan the premiums for the last ten years of the policy. My correspondent says: "I hold a statement from their general agent in which is written 'dividends guaranteed to cancel any premiums that may accrue last ten years.' This I understand to be a twenty-year-settlement life policy, and if the dividends will cancel the loan, I think it a good contract, as the cash value is considerably more than I would pay for the insurance." In reply to this last inquiry, I say that the policy referred to is undoubtedly the distribution policy of the New York Life, which contains a clause reciting that after the premiums on it have been paid for ten years the company will loan to the holder the amount of any subsequent premium or premiums, within the distribution period, as the same shall become due, provided interest at six per cent. is paid annually in advance, the aggregate amount of any such loans and interest to be deducted from the proceeds of the policy at its settlement.

It will be seen that this feature is put in the policy as an accommodation to a policy-holder who may become embarrassed and find it impossible to pay his premiums. The loans can mostly, of course, be paid sooner or later, and while there will undoubtedly be an accumulation of surplus under these policies, and it is possible it may be sufficient to pay the loans, there can, of course, be no guarantee to this effect. No agent is authorized by this company, or any other company, to make such a promise. Therefore, if such a promise is made it is not binding.

I might add that every policy issued by the New York Life contains a clause distinctly reciting that no agent of the company has power to make or modify any contract of insurance, waive any forfeiture, issue any permit, or bind the company by any promise or representation, and that this power can be exercised only by the president, vice-president, or actuary, and will not be delegated. Furthermore, no policy is issued by the New York Life except on the signature of an application containing an agreement reciting that no representation made to the insured shall be binding on the company unless it is first submitted in writing to the officers,

Other letters await reply. I beg to say that no correspondent need feel obliged to offer remuneration for the information he wants. Several have written that they were willing to pay me for a prompt and full response. All questions will be answered fully, freely, and as promptly as possible.

The Hermit.

THE DISTRESS IN IRELAND.

SECRETARY BALFOUR has recently made a tour of the western counties of Ireland, with a view of ascertaining the truth of the statements as to the condition of the crops. He was accompanied by a select assortment of Dublin Castle officers, and preceded and followed by magistrates and policemen. This is the first time that Mr. Balfour has ever manifested a real personal interest in the condition of the Irish population. It is said that in the event that he shall discover the situation to be as bad as reported, he will recommend a system of public works which will give employment to the needy for some months or a year to come.

On the last Sunday in October a pastoral address, dealing with the failure of the potato crop, and bearing the testimony of the Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland to the seriousness of the impending calamity, was read in all the churches of the country. The bishops earnestly call upon the Government to take effective means for preventing the deplorable consequences that must certainly follow. They refer to the railroad that is to be constructed, and say they recognize the relief that will be afforded thereby, but that it will be inadequate to the occasion. The address, which reiterates former instructions against boycotting as unlawful, concludes with an earnest expression of sympathy with the tenants who have been evicted, and expresses the hope that Parliament in its wisdom may devise means for the restoration of these poor people to their homes. It protests against evictions in the distressed districts where tenants are unable not only to pay rents, but even to procure from the soil the absolute necessities of life.

A London correspondent, referring to the proposed scheme of public works, says that if works be started within a reasonable time no famine or even very serious distress need be apprehended in the districts covered by them, but several of the most sadly stricken regions lie outside of the scheme, and apparently are to shift for themselves.

MR. J. S. MACNAMARA.

JOHN STANFORD MACNAMARA, whose portrait appears elsewhere, was born at Louisborough, County Mayo, Ireland, December 25th, 1858, but came at an early age to this country with his parents, who located in Chicago, where his father was successfully engaged in business as a contractor and builder. He was educated in the public schools of Chicago, and then studied law for a time under the direction of Edmund Ronayne. Preferring, however, a more active life than the practice of law promised, he entered the service of the International and Great Northern Railroad Company, in its passenger department, and subsequently identified himself with the operating department of the Gulf, Colorado and Santa Fé road. He next entered the service of the New York, Texas and Mexican Railroad, in the construction department, during Count Teller's administration of that com-



JOHN S. MACNAMARA.

pany's affairs. He was then tendered the appointment as joint agent of the International and Great Northern Railroad and the Southern Pacific Railway at San Antonio, which position he lately resigned.

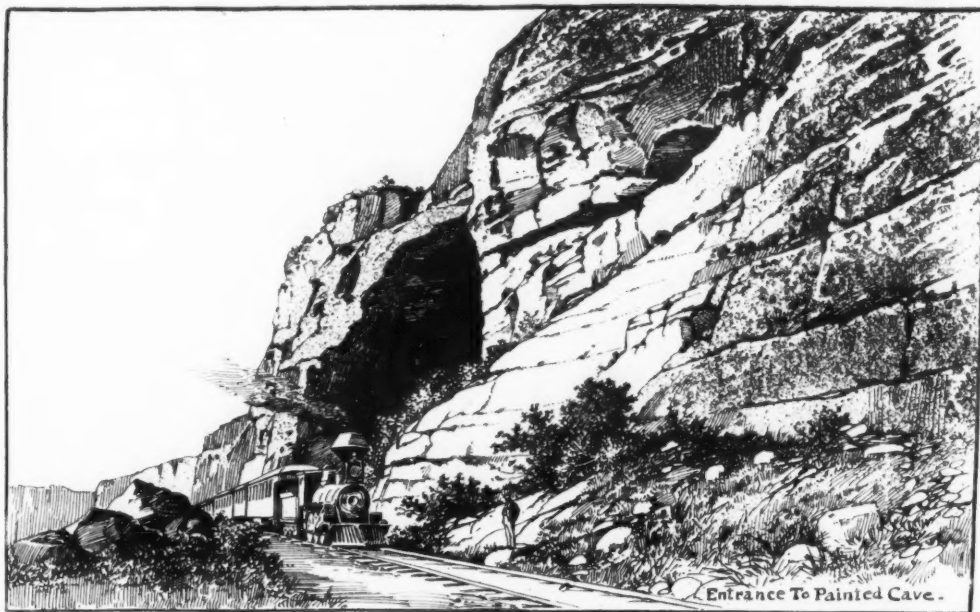
On the 14th of July last Mr. MacNamara was appointed receiver of the San Antonio and Aransas Pass Railway Company—a vast property worth \$20,000,000—being probably the youngest man ever appointed to a position of such responsibility in connection with the management of a railroad. His long and varied experience in all branches of railroad work fit him in an eminent degree for the position. Under his management the road will be improved and brought up to a high standard of excellence. Mr. MacNamara has acquired a handsome fortune speculating in real estate, and owns some of the most valuable property in San Antonio.

THE SUNSET ROUTE TO THE PACIFIC.

ONE of the longest, most interesting, and best managed railway and steamship systems in the world is that operated by the Southern Pacific Company. The Sunset Route is the favorite with travelers westward bound who seek an easy, safe, convenient, well regulated line to the Gulf and the Pacific coast. Running from New Orleans, via Galveston, San Antonio, El Paso, and Los Angeles, it proceeds directly to San Francisco, traversing the interior and best parts of the State of Texas, the southern and most flourishing portions of New Mexico and Arizona, and bisecting the fertile centre of California. It is a particularly agreeable route in the stormy months of the year, and even in summer is preferred by a majority of the west-bound travelers, because of the picturesqueness of the views along the line, the diversified territory through which it passes, and the opportunities it presents for a realization of the vast development of the West and Southwest.

No other railroad has done more for the State of Texas than the Southern Pacific, or Sunset Route. All along the line prosperous cities have sprung up, fertile lands have been brought under cultivation, and a magnificent tributary territory opened. The time must speedily come when the natural growth of a business thus developed will make the Southern Pacific a property of prodigious value. The construction of the Sunset Route and its operation by enterprising, liberal managers, has opened to the overcrowded centres of population in the East magnificent opportunities for investment, particularly in desirable agricultural lands, located in a climate unexcelled. It has also opened opportunities for investment in mineral lands, cattle ranches, and town properties. It traverses a section of the country which might well be called the health belt of the United States; where the air is dry, where Gulf breezes play in summer, and where snow, frost, and ice are scarcely seen or felt.

The train service and the time schedules have constantly been improved, and the liberal system adopted in its land department has located thousands of emigrants in comfortable homes and provided opportunities for the location of hundreds of thousands more. The traveler for pleasure may thank us for calling his



attention to the marvelous attractions of the Sunset Route. No line to the Pacific is more picturesque or more delightful.

The visit, last summer, of the FRANK LESLIE'S party in the "Mayflower" to Texas was made particularly entertaining by a trip along the Southern Pacific road, which was taken at the suggestion and through the courtesy of Mr. J. Kruttschnitt, general manager, and W. G. Van Vleck, general superintendent. One can understand the stupendous nature of the work required to build this road when he has journeyed over the forty miles westward from Del Rio, covering one long tunnel and miles of the heaviest excavations into the limestone formation. This limestone rises in great masses of white beside the track, while hundreds of feet below the red and murky waters of the rippling Rio Grande flow onward to the Gulf. At Devil's River Bridge the outlook is uncanny. The entire valley seems to have sunk several hundred feet, and looking down from the railroad track one has a view somewhat similar to that obtained as he peers for the first time down into the valley of the Yosemite from the elevation of "Inspection Point." Before reaching Devil's Bridge there is a singular formation caused by the hand of nature, which has carved out from the vari-colored limestone rocks great circular and majestic formations resembling castles, standing side by side and extending for a mile or more along the bank.

Perhaps the most wonderful attraction is the Painted Cave. The limestone rock along the track is full of curious openings. The Painted Cave is an enormous natural excavation, semi-circular in form, and the entrance to it is almost entirely blocked by limestone debris. Entering we found a great cavern, the walls of which are decorated with various Indian designs, drawn with red clay or ochre. The entrance is not difficult, though one has to clamber over rocks and mesquite bushes. As he approaches, he seems to see nothing but a large and apparently not very deep recess in the rocks. As he steadily proceeds, he suddenly stands astounded. It looks as if he stood within the shell of an enormous mollusk, which had opened to receive him. There is a vast vault of white limestone circling over his head and settling down on the opposite side until it reaches the shelving,

sandy soil. This cavern is at least two or three hundred feet long, and at the entrance nearly a hundred feet high, and extends back for more than two hundred feet. In places the walls are covered by the smoke of many camp-fires. This cave, evidently, has been a favorite resort for Indians, and, strangely enough, at the farthest recess a beautiful spring of living water is found. A thousand persons could stand within the cave, and a regiment find sleeping accommodations within its walls. Rising so high above the river, it is perfectly dry; the bottom being a sort of dry, sandy dust. The time will come when this will be appreciated as one of the unique wonders of the land; but it is not more novel or impressive than other weird spots along the famous Sunset Route.

The views given on this page, taken by the artist who accompanied the "Mayflower," present some of the delightful scenes along the Southern Pacific route. Life-like as they are, they convey but a faint impression of the striking natural beauties of this highway across the southern part of the United States.

A CARNIVAL OF DOLLS.

(From the Chicago "Herald.")

FOR many seasons London *Truth* has gotten up a carnival of dolls. FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER has borrowed this idea, and on the 13th of December will hold a carnival of dolls in the Madison Square Garden. Dolls of all sizes and shapes; richly dressed dolls; dolls in widows' weeds and in nurse's costume; dolls in riding-habits and dolls dressed as nuns will be on exhibition. Distinguished people have been invited to dress dolls, and well-known society women, actresses, writers, and even some of the crowned heads of Europe have signified their intention to accept. Ellen Terry, Langtry, Mrs. Kendal, and Queen Victoria will each dress a doll, and Billy Florence is to auction the dolls off. The proceeds of the sale and the dolls that are not sold are to go to the various children's hospitals of the city. Ladies from California, Nevada, Dakota, and other far



CASTLE ROCKS.



THE LIMESTONE FORMATIONS ON THE RIO GRANDE.

western States have written for dolls to be sent out for them to dress. Redfern is to do a tailor-made doll. One house has promised to turn out some yachting dolls, and well-known theatrical costumers will furnish the slight drapery necessary for ballet dolls. Mrs. Julia Percy, who last year did such good work in getting up and pushing to a triumphal conclusion the *World's Christmas-trees* for the poor children of New York, is now engineering this dolls' carnival for FRANK LESLIE'S.

THE RECENT MUNICIPAL CONTEST.

THE recent municipal campaign in this city was marked by some peculiar incidents. One of the odd episodes was the active interest which women who move in high social circles, or whose husbands are prominent in affairs, have been taking in it. They issued an address, and were active in raising money and otherwise aiding the party which is opposed to Tammany. The latter, not to be outdone, started a counter movement, and the wives, sisters, and daughters of men of prominence connected with that organization formed a women's auxiliary, which rendered effective service. Taken all in all, the campaign was one of the most unique, interesting, and original ever held in this city—very likely in the country—and now that it is all over and the results are known, it will afford an interesting study for the social philosopher or economist. We give a page of illustrations, depicting one of the Tammany demonstrations of the canvass.

WALL STREET.—THE DROPPING BAROMETER.

AMERICAN investors are still finding out that London, and not New York, is the financial centre of the world. It is not surprising that this should be so, for speculation and investment enterprises in Wall Street are as nothing compared with the colossal operations of the London Exchange. Our so-called "industrial securities," listed and unlisted in Wall Street, can be counted on the fingers of two hands; while in London, enterprises of this kind take up a great part of Stock Exchange operations, and the bonds, securities, and stocks of all the civilized countries in the world, and schemes of every name and nature, find customers and cash among the English.

It is largely because of the fact that domestic and business difficulties have arisen in South America, Spain, South Africa, and various other lands which had interests at stake on the London Exchange, that the recent liquidation occurred which has unsettled values here as well as abroad. Our home market always suffers when the London market suffers; naturally, too, because when money is tight in London, American securities must be sacrificed as well as those of other lands. There is no doubt that an enormous amount of our securities have been returned from London; so many, in fact, that our capacity to absorb has been fairly met. The result has been a depression of prices, which must continue until the appetite at home increases and the appetite abroad is restored.

I have said again and again that people with money should embrace the present opportunity to purchase good first-class stocks and bonds now selling at low prices. I do not mean by this that everything offered at our Exchange is a bargain; but there is a choice, such as any one can make at such a time. Hundreds of thousands of shares of stock and tens of thousands of bonds have been absorbed and put away within the past few months. Just as soon as this process clears up the surplus in the market, just so soon will a rise set in, and then people who are not willing to purchase now will scramble for choice securities, only to discover, to their amazement, that they always rise much more rapidly than they fall.

The distrust in London and the protracted liquidation have followed a season of great prosperity. A year ago I predicted that England's great boom was on the decline. Ship-building felt it first and most seriously. Other branches of trade and manufactures suffered from the strikes in London, the strikes in the collieries, and in the iron district. Then came the crisis in Brazil and the Argentine Republic, by which English investors were heavy losers; and now, to crown all, the passage of the McKinley bill bodes disaster and ruin to some of the largest English manufacturing interests. Money is, therefore, and naturally, tight, stocks and bonds are sacrificed, and the scramble is to maintain the reserves of the Bank of England and avert a panic almost as disastrous as that which visited us in 1873.

American investors, as a rule, limit their finan-

cial horizon by their local environment; in other words, they see no farther than Wall Street and its laterals. The shrewd money-lenders, however (and there are but few of them in New York), gauge their action on the Street largely by European sentiment. Six months ago I advised my readers to look out for tight money. I pointed to the dangerous and unsettled condition of the finances of several South American States, to the over-speculation in South African diamond, and nitrate, gold, and mining schemes generally, and I said that when the crash came in London we would feel it here. We are feeling it now. How long it will last no one can tell until the worst has been realized.

Recuperation abroad will be slow; here it will be fast. For there trade is despondent; here it is buoyant. There crops are short; here they are quite generous, though not so large as they might have been. There free-trade is doing its work; here protection is spreading out its hands to upbuild, to create, to strengthen, to renew. There the increased value of silver has unsettled values and trade to an extent beyond calculation; here a rise in silver means an impulse to prosperity, a development of vast mining enterprises, and the upbuilding of the waste places of the West.

Foreign influences were not alone puissant to work the depression in Wall Street. The bears who have profited so generously by shearing American lambs had something to do with it. The Interstate Commerce act, which forbade the pooling of railroad earnings, and which I have constantly denounced as an utterly unjust if not illegal measure, has put out its hand to break down the values of railway stocks and bonds. Mr. Gould and several other strong men in the railroad world, who foresaw the existing condition of affairs, and who have labored strenuously to bring about an amicable arrangement of the trunk-line systems, perceive that the sooner the crisis is reached the sooner will their views regarding friendly railway combinations be accepted.

The decline in Union Pacific and the sudden attack on New York Central look to me like the opening of a war upon the Vanderbilts, with the intention of compelling either a dissolution of the Northwestern-Union Pacific combination, or an agreement on its part to establish more friendly relations with competing systems. Mr. Gould has been quietly visiting the West and Southwest. Perhaps he has seen and heard things that enable him to post his associates in Wall Street. Perhaps they know something about the pressure to sell stocks.

A Philadelphia correspondent asks why I am a bear on Sugar Trust certificates. At present prices, I do not say I am a bear on Sugar Trust or anything else. I urged my readers to get rid of Sugar Trust when it sold all the way down from 120 to 80. I urged them at all times to leave the script alone, as an utterly unreliable and purely manipulated affair. Whether the Attorney-General will see fit to dissolve the Trust, or whether it will dissolve itself under the pressure of public opinion, I shall not endeavor to predict; but I advise my readers to leave this, or any other property that is entirely in the hands of a few men who speculate on Wall Street, entirely alone. It is dangerous to touch.

From St. Paul I have an inquiry in reference to the story that the Vanderbilts had purchased the Reading Railroad. I can only say that no one knows, outside of an intimate circle, what the Vanderbilts do or intend to do, until the official announcement of what they have done is printed. The Vanderbilts may want to make war upon the Pennsylvania Railroad, and if they do, I have simply to say that it would be a good time to stand from under. The Reading Syndicate, which has been loaded with an enormous burden of its stock at high prices, would like to unload. Whether the Vanderbilts will help them or not depends, of course, upon whether it will pay to do the helping.

From New Orleans comes the question: "What do you think of silver?" The agitation, particularly in Austria, in favor of the abolition of paper currency and the establishment of a gold standard has been used for much more than it was worth in London to depress the silver market. The real secret of the effort to depress the price of silver abroad, however, is to be found in the fact that the recent rise has confused English trade with silver-using countries (noticeably India), and, in part, destroyed it. Here in New York the silver manipulators, having made their money out of a rapid rise, are now endeavoring to load up again at low prices, with the hope of turning over another profit. I doubt whether the second rise will be as rapid as the first, if it comes at all. Silver seems to be cheap, and yet I thought it was low at 110, and until the situation abroad is somewhat set-

tled and better comprehended, I must refrain from venturing further prophecies.

A Boston correspondent asks if I have changed my mind in reference to the Atchison stock. Most decidedly, no. The Atchison management is pursuing an extraordinary course. The system was wrecked because of its over-extension. If it is wrecked again, it will be for the same cause. It has so constantly added to its mileage as to provoke criticism, and I notice, at last, in connection with its purchase of the Colorado Midland, that it declares it is negotiating for no more new properties. I should sincerely hope so. My advice is to keep out of and away from Atchison securities.

Jasper

CHOICE LANDS IN TEXAS—WONDERFUL INDUCEMENTS!

THE undersigned is now offering special inducements to farmers desiring to make Texas their future home, by placing upon the market the choice and selected lands originally acquired by the Houston and Texas Central and Texas and New Orleans Railway Companies. They got the first choice, and located the best lands. These lands are distributed throughout ninety counties, embracing every variety of soil, and there are opportunities for every one to make such selections as are suited to their own ideas and requirements.

These lands can be obtained in tracts of 160 acres and upwards, to suit purchasers. There are large areas of fertile districts upon which colonies may be located at reasonable value, and well situated as to water and timber. There is ample room for an unlimited number of energetic people in this great State that no other can equal in proportion of acreage, embracing lands which, for fertility of soil and ease of cultivation, cannot be surpassed. The soils of Texas are divided into black waxy, black sandy, alluvial, black pebbly, hogwallow, gray sandy, red sandy, sandy loam, and chocolate.

The best evidence of the fertility of these soils is the fact that fertilizers so necessary for the production of cereals in the older States, and which constitute a fixed charge, are not necessary in Texas. There are thousands of acres in cultivation in this State that have been worked for more than thirty years, which show no diminution in productiveness.

The title to these lands comes direct from the State, and may be depended upon as free from any adverse claimant.

The low price of land, great fertility of soil, low rate of taxation, munificent educational endowments, wonderful climate which allows outdoor work the year round, and last, but not least, the low rate of interest charged on deferred payments, are inducements that are not offered in any other State.

For detailed terms of sale, prices, information, maps, pamphlets, and circulars, address C. C. Gibbs, Land Agent, Houston, Texas.

PECULIAR INFATUATION.

DIFFERENT METHODS OF FOLLOWING THE INJUNCTION "LOVE ONE ANOTHER."

DO MEN ever fall in love with each other?

Women do. Not long ago a young woman in New Jersey was married to a youthful laborer on her father's farm. Sometime afterward it was discovered that the husband was a female; the young wife refused, however, though earnestly entreated by her friends, to give up her chosen consort. The strangest part of the discovery was the fact that the bride knew her husband was a woman before she was led to the altar.

If men do not exhibit this strange infatuation for one of their own sex, they at least often-times give evidence of the fact that they love one another. There are many instances on record where one man has given his life for another. There are many more instances where men have given life to another.

It is a proud possession—the knowledge that one has saved a precious human life. Meriden, Conn., is the home of such a happy man. John H. Preston, of that city, July 11th, 1890, writes: "Five years ago I was taken very sick. I had several of the best doctors, and one and all called it a complication of diseases. I was sick four years, taking prescriptions prescribed by these same doctors, and I truthfully state I never expected to get any better. At this time, I commenced to have the most terrible pains in my back. One day an old friend of mine, Mr. R. T. Cook, of the firm of Curtis & Cook, advised me to try Warner's Safe Cure, as he had been troubled the same way and it had effected a cure

for him. I bought six bottles, took the medicine as directed, and am to-day a well man. I am sure no one ever had a worse case of kidney and liver trouble than I had. Before this I was always against proprietary medicines, but not now; oh, no."

Friendship expresses itself in very peculiar ways sometimes; but the true friend is the friend in need.

AFRICAN EXPLORATION.

IN this advanced age, at a time when inventive genius seems to be at its best, when means of travel have been cheapened and swift communication established almost everywhere between distant points, it is well to reflect that a vast continent is still a dark, undiscovered country. A French review makes the statement that sixteen expeditions have successfully crossed Africa during the century, the first being led by a Portuguese explorer, Honorato la Costa, early in the present century, fifty years before Livingstone's historic journey. What a feeble boast this is! Our French contemporary recalls that German, French, Italian, Scotch, and Portuguese explorers all have crossed the "Dark Continent." It remained, however, for an American, Stanley, to attract the world's attention to the resources and advantages of Africa and to open it to trade and commerce. Fifty years from now, yes, ten years farther on, the world will look back with amazement at the delay in opening up unexplored Africa. One of the achievements of this age will be the penetration of Africa by rail. The moment that is done, it will no longer be the "Dark Continent."

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I HAVE a little Bible at home," said the bad man, "that in 1868 I wrested from a Sunday-school class of nineteen. I haven't opened it since, and it is as new and clean as the day I got it."

"Bring it down some day; I'd like to see it," said his friend, carelessly.

The next day the bad man came into his friend's office and, throwing a little half-worn-out book on the desk, he said:

"There she is, old man, but I was a little wrong about its condition."

"I should say so," said the other; "how does it happen that this little book is so badly worn, when you thought it was clean and all right at home?"

"Well," said the bad man, and his voice was a bit husky, "the truth of the matter is I've got a little wife up at the house and a couple of young ones. They sometimes rummage through my things."

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Much has been said about the kindred arts of cooking and dining, and much will, doubtless, yet be said upon the same fascinating subjects; for they are fascinating, as one may easily prove by introducing the subject of eating, in any circle, when conversation flags. There are some fundamental gastronomic truths or axioms common to all civilized peoples; individual tastes may differ, the favorite dish of one country may be despised in another, but soup of some kind, and of varying degrees of excellence, may be said to form an essential part of the dinner of civilized man, wherever you find him. Something so universal in its use is deserving of attention, and if soup-making can be rendered easier and more economical, it is certainly to be desired. Armour's Extract of Beef accomplishes both these objects. Ask your grocer for it.

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THE Chicago Tribune puts the question: "Did you ever notice that there is a doctor wherever you go? The fact does not become so apparent until the doctor is wanted, and then he will appear. Is it providential? Or is it that this disciple of Esculapius is called upon to answer for the sins of the father of the profession and is kept on the move like the mythical restless Wandering Jew? Coming in on a crowded train from the West a few days ago, was a woman in the rear coach. She became ill. No one in the coach appeared to know what to do. The conductor was appealed to. He called the porter and told him to pass through every coach, if necessary, and ask if there was a physician on board. The porter obeyed, of course, but he met with no response until he reached the last coach forward, the smoker. The very last man forward was a young doctor, just returning from his vacation. His home is in the old country. He had had no occasion to be called before since he left home. 'It is strange, too,' said he to the writer afterward, 'for as a rule a doctor cannot hide himself. No matter where he is, he is subject to duty. I make no complaint of this; indeed no physician should. We agree to do this when we take up the study of medicine. But do people ever think of it? Your merchant goes away to another part of the world to rest. A tradesman in Hong Kong finds him and undertakes to drive a trade. The merchant prince laughs at him. He says he is out for rest and left his business at home. The doctor can never say that. Of a verity it can be said of him that in life he is in the midst of death. I remember that soon after I had finished my course I made a balloon ascension with a young idiotic friend. As we went up I thought that I was at least out of the call of duty. Do you know, that companion was taken sick a thousand feet above the surface of the earth, and I had to doctor him, as people call it, before we could come down.'

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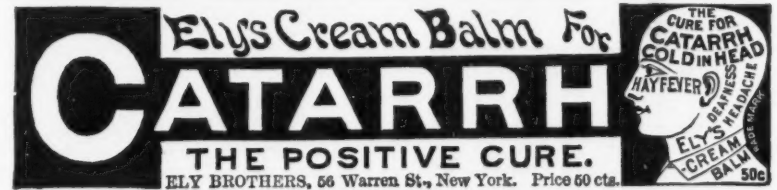
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